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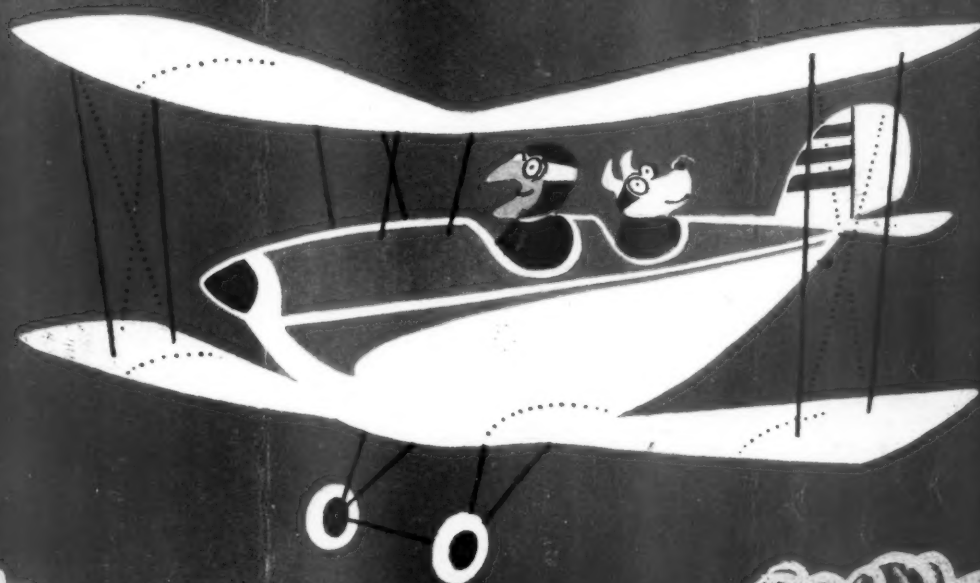
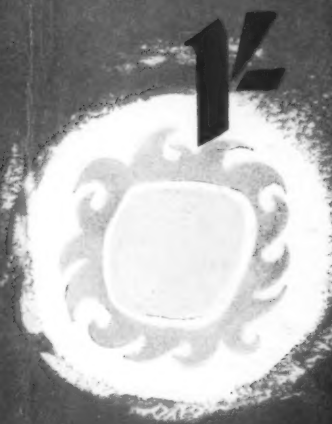
PUNCH, OCTOBER 25 1961

Vol. CXXLI

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Punch



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this
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is

100 miles long



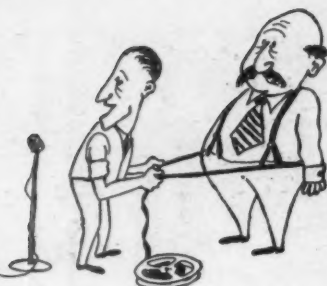
100 miles long, 10 miles wide and 1,000 feet deep, in fact . . . because rigid safety regulations say that ten minutes flying time, ten miles of lateral space and one thousand feet of vertical space shall separate all aircraft all the time they are using the air lanes. Now, multiply the *number* of aircraft that are flying . . . magnify their size . . . increase their speeds . . . and the problem of separation becomes difficult indeed. Obviously, accurate instrumentation, advanced electronics and even more advanced navigational aids are of paramount importance. In these three directions alone, Ferranti are making significant contributions to Britain's progress in the air.

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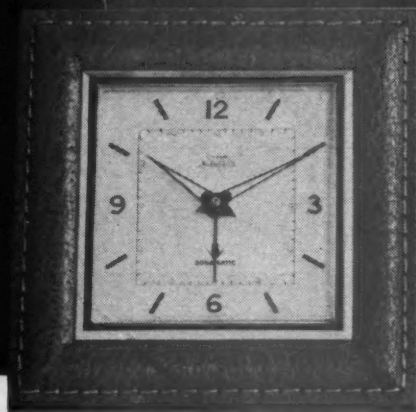
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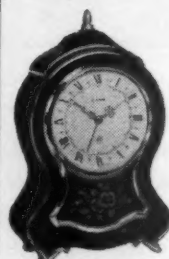
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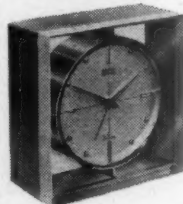
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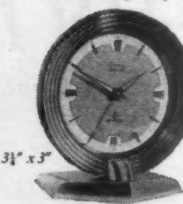
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"Neuchatel" 15-jewel 8-day (non-auto) alarm. Ivory, Burgundy or Green. £19.5.0 6" x 3 1/2"



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Once you have wound the single key of a Cyma Sonomatic companion-alarm with the "built-in memory", you will be called persistently yet gently every morning for a whole week.

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The Sonomatic has a tick so quiet you can hardly hear it, and a musical-toned alarm which makes even early waking more pleasant. And it welcomes the rigours of travel as much as the calm of your bedside table. (Or in the lounge—alarm-set to remind you when to switch on that special programme?)

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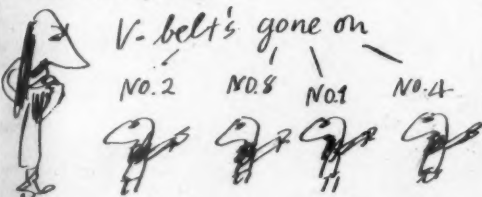
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Then his wife said in a loud voice from the kitchen

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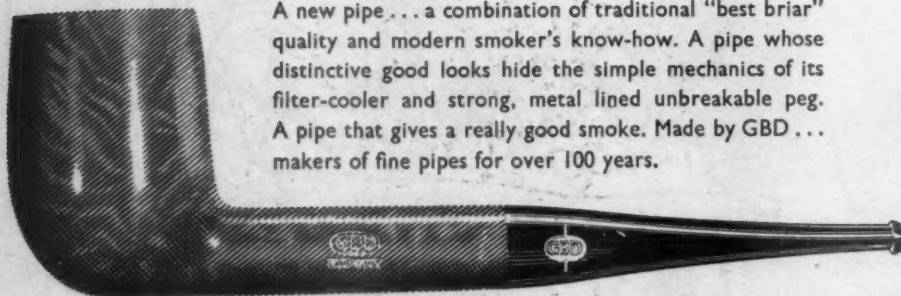
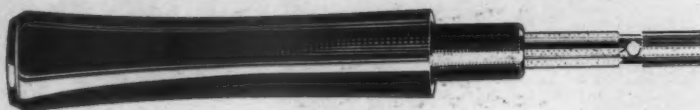
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SUPER
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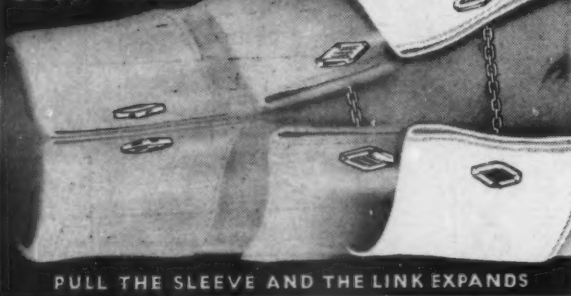


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chills. Stay warmly in a Simpson-provided top coat.
Here, on the right, is the 'Albany',
a single-breasted overcoat in saxeony cloth,
brown and black houndstooth, £24.00.
Shown left is the 'Bucco', a more casual
style, in soft hand-knit (mink green)
tweed with grey lining, £22.00.
They both, as you might expect,
out Autumn handsomely in its place.
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Punch, October



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Hennessy ★★★—the Original Three Star. Hennessy invented the star marking of Brandy over a century ago. Today, with one exception, "three star" is commonplace. The exception is Hennessy ★★★ which has a unique and consistent excellence that only the world's largest stock of fine Cognac can provide and maintain.

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move-at-a-touch
MINICASTORS are
here now!
In the smartest
homes furniture
is moved on
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without hauling and
heaving... Only the
patented full-sphere
'Shepherd' design
can give such easy
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PATENT

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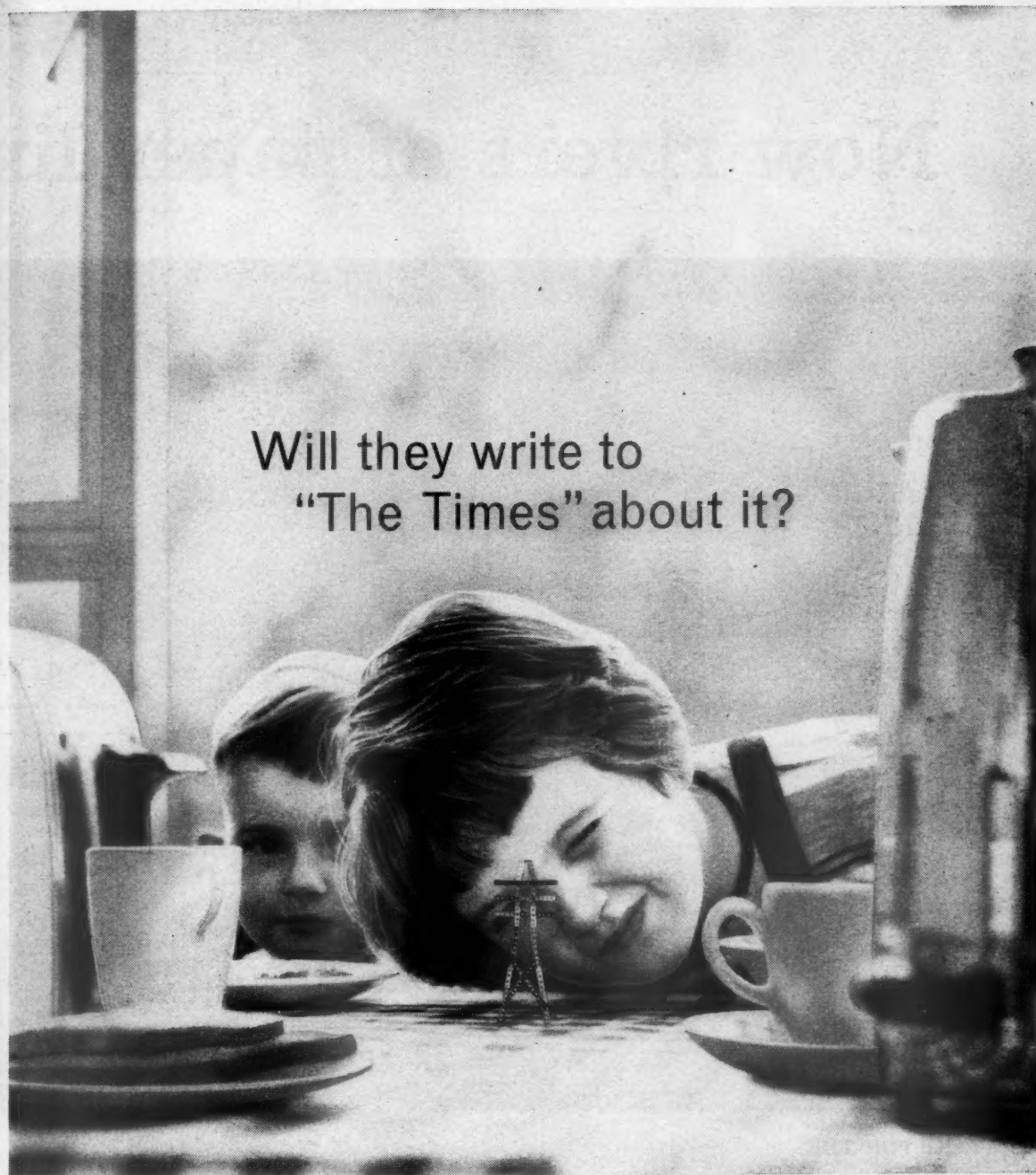
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No. 45, with 1 1/2"
diam. Round Plate.
Complete with
screws.
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PER SET OF FOUR



MINICASTOR
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Complete
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to fit
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By the time these children are ten years older, Britain's power demands will have doubled. But the number of transmission towers will *not* have doubled. On the contrary — because the Central Electricity Generating Board is adopting 400,000 volt transmission, fewer new towers will be needed. The new power system will use some existing towers, suitably reinforced, and a limited number of new, slightly taller ones. By Act of Parliament, the C.E.G.B. must provide an efficient,

economical electricity supply, while preserving visual amenity as far as possible.



who make and supply electricity
to 12 Area Electricity Boards in England and Wales
(which re-sell to consumers) and British Railways.

Write for a copy of "Preserving Amenities" to The
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Reed Paper Group's growth into world markets

Now rivers of paper link

Every year, millions of logs flow down Canadian rivers heading for the pulping plants of Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills Ltd.—a new dollar area pulp and paper partner of the Reed Paper Group.



A BIG STAKE FOR THE REED PAPER GROUP IN THE BUSTLING DOLLAR MARKETS

—that is the significance of the Group's westward expansion. A £37 million transaction last year brought three Canadian companies—Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills Ltd., the Dryden Paper Co. Ltd., and the Gulf Pulp and Paper Co.—into the partnership of the Group. Thus Canada becomes the springboard for expansion by the Group into the huge U.S. and the growing Latin American markets.

Yet this new partnership is only a part of the global pattern of expansion which the Reed Group is undertaking. Recent

additions include a £2½ million pulp and paper mill under construction in Norway; a £2 million packaging company operating throughout Australia; in Italy the Group, in partnership with one of Italy's most progressive organisations, has acquired a leading packaging company and is building a carton board mill.

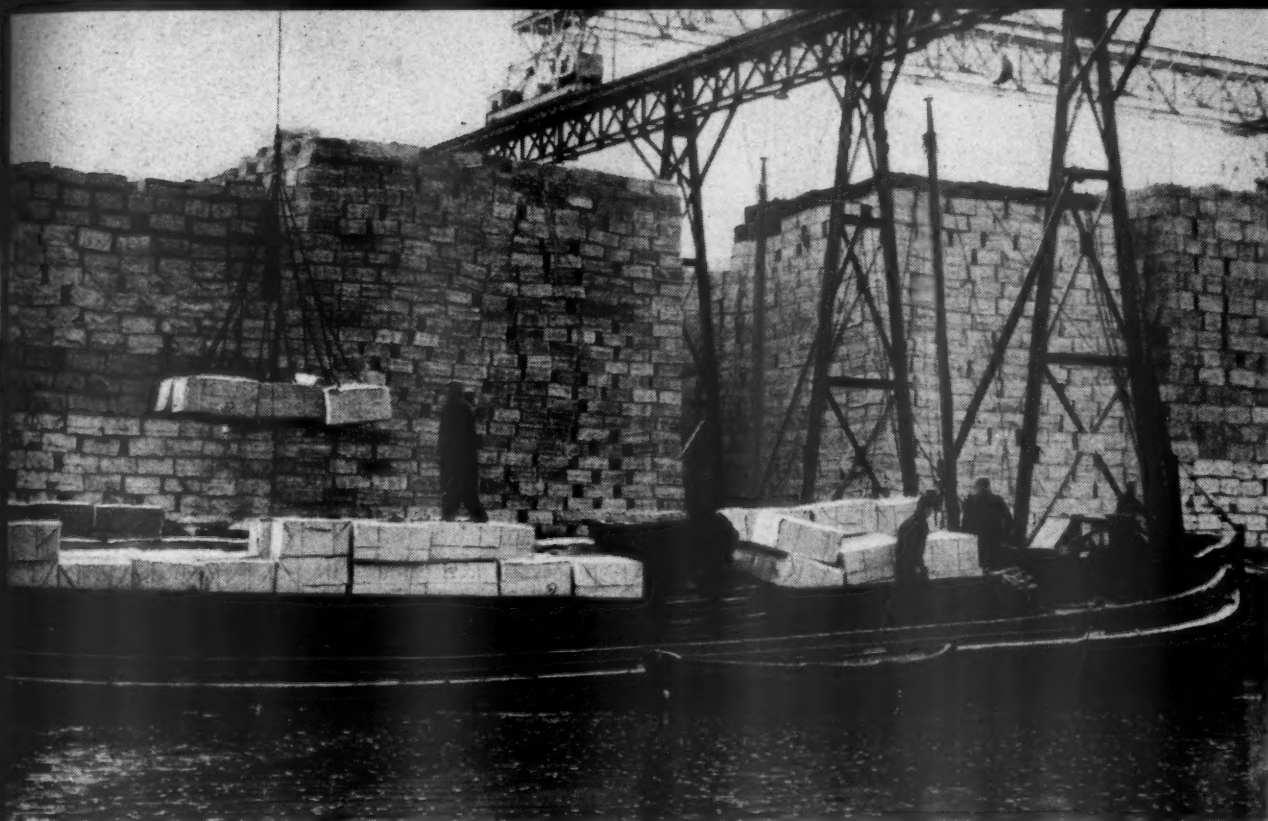
To each of these partnerships, the Reed Paper Group brings its vast technical, research and production experience. Each member company, for its part, makes full use of its knowledge of local conditions and markets.

The Reed Paper Group is now firmly established in the four main trading areas of the free world—the Dollar Market, the Commonwealth, the European Free Trade Area and the

THE DOLLAR AREA

Canada with Kent

Pulp arrives at the huge Aylesford site on the river Medway, biggest single paper and paper converting centre in Europe. Here too is the site of the new £500,000 research centre, to serve member companies of the Reed Paper Group throughout the world.



Common Market. The next few years will see new enterprises started and existing projects developed further as part of the Group's efforts to expand and diversify its activities in this country and all over the world.

For a copy of "Reed in the World", an illustrated account of the activities of the Reed Paper Group, please write to:—Reed Paper Group, Group Publicity Department, Blackfriars House, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.4.

REED PAPER GROUP

A world-wide partnership
producing pulp, paper, board and packaging



To Arms!



It is not exactly news that the next few years are likely to see industrial competition of unprecedented intensity. Whatever your business and whatever its size, your Board will have already conducted detailed studies and made its dispositions.

May we, though—since your business is probably not the provision of meals—remind you of the fundamental importance of expert industrial catering. Really good food can be planned, prepared, served and accounted for without involving any of your personnel, with, usually substantial savings in cost.

We would like to send you a copy of our latest publication on the subject—'Thought for Food'. You will find it a serious and comprehensive survey of vital concern to any competitive company. Ask your secretary to write for your copy today.



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'WINGFIELD'
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In the reign of Edward VII, Dr. Page-Barker perfected the dandruff lotion which still bears his name. Since then, countless remedies for this troublesome complaint have come—and gone.

Dr. Page-Barker's Dandruff Lotion continues to be in demand because it is increasingly realised that dandruff is a health trouble which needs treatment by the medical formula of Dr. Page-Barker's scurf and dandruff lotion. Another old theory has been proved right by modern science.

Dr. Page-Barker's
SCURF & DANDRUFF LOTION

FROM ALL GOOD CHEMISTS AND HAIRDRESSERS
IN BOTTLES

4/3

DICE LOADED IN FAVOUR OF WELDED AND DRAWN WELDED STAINLESS STEEL TUBES

Accles & Pollock prepare to gambol



IF it were not for the well-known fact that nobody (except the Directors of Accles & Pollock) ever reads advertisements we should now be in the difficult position of explaining what this one is all about. As it is, all we need do is to state clearly what the Directors would like to read. **HERE IT IS:-** For a long time past Accles & Pollock (sometimes miscalled Pickles & Wallop, Anchors & Poppycock etc. etc.) have been known as skilled makers, manipulators and fabricators of cold-drawn seamless precision steel tubes. The Directors would like all fifty-two million of you to know that, not only are they the country's largest producers of seamless stainless steel tubes but that they are also the leading makers of **WELDED** and **DRAWN WELDED STAINLESS** steel tubes. For many purposes, **WELDED** and **DRAWN WELDED** stainless tubes offer considerable economic advantages.



We should be most obliged if all manufacturers—potential users of stainless steel tubes—would sign the affidavit alongside for the Directors—

We/I the undersigned hereby declare that I/We have read and nearly/fully understood Accles & Pollock's Directors statement about Stainless Steel Tubes and would like a technical booklet about them (the tubes, not the Directors).

Accles & Pollock Ltd
Oldbury, Birmingham. A Company



'...give your answer to the nearest penny'

When it comes to school home-work, that's your problem. But school fees—now that's something quite different. That is something a Standard educational policy can well tackle: thinning out the educational costs over the years before the termly bills are actually paid by you—or your dependants. Like to know more? Then we suggest you write for a leaflet which answers all your queries, and fully explains how this policy takes some of the financial sting out of school fees.



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57/58 Pall Mall, S.W.1



All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)



The Affair (Strand)—did the Don fake the thesis? Ronald Millar out of C. P. Snow. (27/9/61)
The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith** (Royal Court)—new double bill by Edward Albee.

The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)
Androcles and the Lion and **The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet** (Mermaid)—sturdy revivals. (11/10/61)

As You Like It (Stratford-upon-Avon)—good production, with Vanessa Redgrave a memorable Rosalind. October 27 and 30. (12/7/61)

Beyond the Fringe (Fortune)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)

Billy Liar (Cambridge)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)

The Bird of Time (Savoy)—well-acted first play that fails to come to much. (7/6/61)

Bonne Soupe (Comedy)—new comedy-drama.

Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)

Doctor Faustus (Old Vic)—exciting Edinburgh production that suffers in transplanting. October 25-26. (30/8/61)

Do Re Mi (Prince of Wales)—average American musical. (18/10/61)

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)

Goodnight, Mrs. Puffin (Duchess)—few comic clichés remain unturned. (26/6/61)

Guilty Party (St. Martin's)—very exciting, big business whodunit. (23/8/61)

Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—patchy production that has improved. October 26 and 31. (19/4/61)

The Hollow Crown (Aldwych)—fascinating extracts from English literature about the Monarchy. October 25. (21/6/61)

Irma la Douce (Lyric)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)

The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)

King John (Old Vic)—memorable performance by Paul Daneman. October 27-30. (6/9/61)

Let Yourself Go! (Palladium)—revue. Harry Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)

The Lord Chamberlain Regrets (Saville)—disappointing revue, determinedly but vainly topical. (30/8/61)
Luther (Phoenix)—John Osborne's new play, with Albert Finney. (9/8/61)
The Miracle Worker (Wyndham's)—Anna Massey brilliant in the Helen Keller story, until October 28. (15/3/61)
The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine years' wonder. (16/12/52)
The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)
My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical. (7/5/58)
Oliver! (New)—exciting British musical from *Oliver Twist*. (6/7/60)
One For The Pot (Whitehall)—new farce. (16/8/61)
One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)
Othello (Stratford-upon-Avon)—John Gielgud's first Othello too elaborately produced. October 28. (18/10/61)
The Rehearsal (Globe)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)
Richard III (Stratford-upon-Avon)—lightweight but effective production, with Edith Evans, and Christopher Plummer dashingy dotty. October 25. (31/5/61)
Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)
The Sound of Music (Palace)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)
Stop the World, I Want to Get Off (Queen's)—Newley's patchily good musical satire. (26/7/61)
Teresa of Avila (Vaudeville)—new drama.
Twelfth Night (Old Vic)—revival with new casting. October 31. (26/4/61)
A Whistle in the Dark (Apollo)—Irish violence, well done. (20/9/61)
Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

REP SELECTION

Birmingham Repertory Theatre. **The Way of the World**, until November 18.
 Playhouse, Liverpool. **The School for Scandal**, until November 11.
 Oxford Playhouse. **The Oresteia**, until November 4.
 Marlowe, Canterbury. **Penny for the Guy**, until November 4.

CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

Back Street (Odeon, Leicester Square)—Reviewed this week.
Ben-Hur (Royalty)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)
Exodus (Astoria)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)
Fanny (Warner)—Phony, Frenchmen-are-quaint, but colourful remake of Pagnol's Marseilles trilogy.
The Guns of Navarone (Columbia)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure story. (10/5/61)
Il Grido (Paris-Pullman)—Antonioni's 1957 tragedy of a workman and his wanderings in the Po Valley. (4/10/61)



CONTINUED ON PAGE XIX



Whatever their differences...



...everyone
 has a
 'double'
 when it's
Vat 69
 FINEST SCOTCH
 WHISKY





Devilish subliminal, sir!

Name's on the tip of his mind.
 Something to do with conveying materials.
 Large lumps or small. One lump or two.
 Vicar? Wakefield. Subterranean pioneers.
 Also at the top. 'Room at the Top'? Braine's.
 Wakefield ... pioneers ... conveying ... progress!
 Got it! SUTCLIFFE

*Richard Sutcliffe? Yes.
 Not in Wakefield, though. Just outside.
 Holmfirth? Huddersfield? Holmfirth?
 Horbury, of course!*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE XVII

Inn of the Sixth Happiness (Rialto)—Revival: Ingrid Bergman as a dedicated amateur missionary in China, Robert Donat (his last film appearance) as a mandarin. (3/12/58)

Les Jeux de l'Amour (Academy)—Triangle comedy; funny detail, questionable basis. (27/9/61)

The King and I (Metropole)—Reissue of the 1956 success with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr. (26/9/56)

Nikki, Wild Dog of the North (Studio One)—Disney, based on James Oliver Curwood novel. Visually fine, but otherwise like old-style animal films—facetious music, arranged fights galore.

Paris Playgirls (Compton—ends October 25)—Swedish: adventures of three Swedish girls in Paris. Scrappy, often pretentious, but with good moments. (18/10/61)

The Queen's Guards (Carlton)—Reviewed this week.

La Règle du Jeu (Academy, late night show)—Jean Renoir's classic, in full for the first time since 1939. (11/10/61)

Rocco and His Brothers (Cameo Poly and Cameo Royal)—Visconti's epic about the struggles of a dead-poor rural family to survive in Milan. (20/9/61)

Search for Paradise (London Casino)—Cinematic in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir, Nepal; hearty Lowell Thomas commentary.

Seven Samurai (International Film Theatre)—Revival: Kurosawa's fine period (16th-century) piece about the poor village that hired professional warriors to protect it. (2/3/55)

South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

A Taste of Love (Paris-Pullman)—French (*Les Grandes Personnes*): a young-girl-grows-up piece, with Jean Seberg involved in an emotional triangle. Some good atmospheric scenes.

Two Women (Continendale)—Strong, vivid performance by Sophia Loren in ill-balanced version of Alberto Moravia's novel. (9/8/61)

Volcano (Academy)—Wonderful colour pictures of volcanoes, put together by an enthusiast. (27/9/61)

The Young Doctors (Leicester Square—ends October 25)—Hospital story, well done; Fredric March excellent as senior doctor resisting change. (18/10/61)

SHOPS

Until October 28 **Garrard's** are holding a jewel exhibition featuring the new princess diamonds. This shop, with other leading jewellers, is contributing to the International Exhibition of Modern Jewellery at Goldsmiths' Hall from October 26 to December 2.

Peter Jones have opened a Rayne shoe department. For the week beginning October 30 they display tableware and fancy pottery from Portugal. **Harrods** now have an "oven to table" section, with a wide range of earthenware. On October 25, in the "Tea with an Author" series, Commodore Thelwell talks on "At Home with Queens," while the following Wednesday Neville Cardus speaks of "A Critic's Pleasures": both 3.30 pm, Georgian Restaurant. Just opened on the first floor is the Christmas card and calendar department, with a special gift-wrapping service. Starting October 28 is **Whiteleys'** toy fair, the theme this year being "Peter Pan," while **Bourne and Hollingsworth** have toy demonstrators in their new fourth-floor



CONTINUED ON PAGE XXII



Brandy this good has no stars on its label

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PUNCH

Vol. CCXLI No. 6319 October 25 1961

Edited by
Bernard Hollowood

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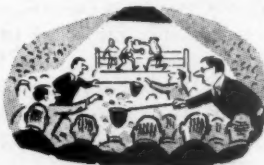


Charivaria

IT is argued that the Queen's visit to Ghana will be interpreted throughout the world as a British blessing on Nkrumah's oppressive measures. But did the Royal visit to South Africa mean approval of the hateful policy of Apartheid, and did Macmillan's hat-trick in Moscow put Britain on the side of Marxism and Communism? As the world grows up it will have to learn that ideological differences cannot be settled by insults, that legitimate criticism cannot be levelled by childish sulking. The Queen's visit should be cancelled only if there are doubts about her personal safety—and the people to decide are her responsible advisers—not a bunch of newspaper-stuffed croakers thousands of miles away.

The Cheaper, the Dearer

OF course one cannot expect them to have all the snags in Pay-TV ironed out in advance, but I foresee trouble if they stick to the idea that the viewer shall pay in inverse ratio to the cultural content of the programme—ten bob for championship boxing, five for a popular film, two for travelogue, down to sixpence for programmes concerned



with "spiritual values." Next thing some variety programme, its audience-rating falling, will try to inject spiritual values into its cross-talk acts ("Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" "That was no lady. That was the Mother Superior") in the hope of

qualifying for the vast market of viewers who seldom have five bob handy but can always find sixpence down the sides of an armchair.

How Many Shopping Days?

HAVE you bought your Easter Eggs yet? What about Valentines? Why not give wine for Whitsun? Hurry!



Hurry! Hurry! There is not a moment to lose.

Progressive Strike

THE strike in favour of Britain's building a supersonic airliner is a welcome newcomer to the list of strike-reasons, which has got rather tatty. It may last only an hour; but it could lead the way for strikes against Britain's delay in getting to the moon, building a National Theatre and establishing an Ombudsman. What about a strike against the use of instant beverages?

Good a Reason as Any

ASKED why he still watched *What's My Line?* a schoolmaster I know replied "I am fascinated by the number of non-teachers who have mastered the art of writing on a blackboard."

Balanced View

"THE Two-Paper Man is Better Informed," the *Daily Mirror* urges its readers, recommending them to read the jointly-owned *Daily Herald* for news



"They don't seem to realise that we're in the front line, expendable, and without a single decent fall-out shelter."

and facts. How seldom, in the same stable, do we see the *Children's Newspaper* advocating their public to turn, for a wider range of life in the round, to the *Cowboy Picture Library*, *Marilyn* or *Knockout*?

Out

I'M the last man to keep people locked up for the fun of it, but the news that Mr. Michael Caborn-Waterfield has flown home after serving "sixteen months of his four-year sentence" in France does suggest a



capital absurdity in the Law (in this case in *le Loi*). Good behaviour no doubt disposed of the other thirty-two months; but why wasn't he sentenced to sixteen months on the understanding that bad behaviour should extend it? Apart from anything else, this sort of thing plays havoc with gossip-columnists' engagement books.

Fighting Feet

A CIRCULAR pushed through my door offers me a new style of shoes "in fighting-seal-skin, an uncommonly luxurious leather in which the scars of battle are blended into the natural grain, giving each pair of shoes a distinct individuality." I am all for shoes which have enjoyed a good punch-up in their time, for so many animals reared for their hides are not allowed to touch each other, and some are not even allowed to touch the ground. What next, I wonder? Fur coats covered with tooth and claw marks, or even pleasing patterns of bullet holes?

Soul of Wit

I HOPE no one will be put off by a new note of abruptness which is likely to show in telephone conversations originating from this office after this week, but the fact is that Fleet Street exchange has gone on to the Subscriber Trunk Dialling system, where even local calls are paid for by time. Luckily Fleet Street characters are well equipped to deal with the situation. Where last week they would have said "Hello Joanne darling, if you're clued up on Somervell and Ross I'd like to send you a marvellous new book about them to review for us, so do you think you can manage two hundred and fifty words by Thursday, please, and wasn't that a marvellous party of Tony's last week, I thought you looked ravishing in that black dress," now they can simply say "If upclued Somervell Etross, sending marvellourest new book reviewwise."

Dear Old Pals

VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY says Mao is "the sort of man I'd go into the jungle with." It is a pleasing fancy: Monty, didactic as ever, showing his companion how to cross a river by taking off his trousers and inflating

them (or didn't they learn that in Eighth Army?); Mao offering Monty a cigarette to burn the leeches from his calves; each assuring the other, at supper, "If monkeys can eat it, you can"; and the final whiskered emergence, Monty in good heart with Mao's red star in his cap alongside his other two badges, thinking what a piece it will make for the *Sunday Times*, and Mao, sagging a little, wishing he had stayed behind to do something a bit less strenuous, like looking after six hundred million people.

Never on Sunday

FRIDAY is the most popular time for being murdered and Monday the safest day of the week, according to a Philadelphia behaviour survey. Monday is easy to understand; killers awake from a flashy week-end yawning and decide, as English shoemenders and butchers used to, that it isn't worth opening shop. All homicide isn't for money, so the pay packet lure can't be the only reason for Black Friday. More likely is the slayer's conformity to the five-day week convention: the wages of week-end knife or gun sin would need to be double, or at least time and a half.

Not as in Jarrow

"STEEL Workers Drive in to Draw the Dole," said the *Daily Telegraph* headline, and the report described how a hundred and fifty yards of street outside the emergency employment exchange in Port Talbot had the cars of the new poor "parked in a solid line." Am I merely imagining a deep-crusted Tory resentment here against the new social pattern? Or is the *Telegraph* making it clear that to-day's workers are so far above themselves that they not only don't shuffle patiently along on foot, down-at-heel and without collars and ties, but actually flaunt their ruling-class status symbols?

Natural Selection

IT'S time somebody started an animal equality movement. A late report from Tristan da Cunha, where the volcano is still active, said that forty dogs on the island had been shot to avoid their suffering, "but cats are being left to keep down rats."

—MR. PUNCH



INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

"They live in a little world of their own, blissfully ignorant that reality has passed them by until one day they wake up and find themselves ruined."—Prince Philip

THE BIRTH OF SAM BULL



Anglo-American Contrasts

RELIGIOUS IMPORTS FROM THE NEW WORLD

By Monica Furlong

WITH the exception of war, religion has, I suppose, produced as much sea-sickness as any other cause, as people much too sensible to embark on a sea-voyage off their own bat obligingly do it to further the purposes of God; wistfully, no doubt, looking forward to the day when, according to St. John, "there shall be no more sea." In the past few centuries the Atlantic has probably had a larger number of religious people making their way briskly across it than any other sea; to put it as unpleasantly as possible you might say it has been the vomitory of the past three hundred years of the Christian faith as the Mediterranean was that of the first three.

In the early years of the Atlantic phase of Christianity the evangelistic movements tended to be in the direction of America. In the past hundred years or so they have tended to be in the direction of Britain. In the eighteenth century we exported George Whitefield and John Wesley to preach their powerful gospel on the eastern seaboard of America. In the nineteenth and twentieth centuries revivalists have been coming right back at us, the latest and most attractive of whom is Dr. Billy Graham. The commodity itself has changed surprisingly little on its travels; it is still clearly recognisable as Christianity with its Puritan hat on and if the hatband has been turned out the other way and the crown reblocked, the fabric is still exactly the same. Dr. Graham's scandalised walk through Hyde Park a few years ago when he saw numbers of British citizens loving their neighbours rather too literally is strongly reminiscent of the passages in Whitefield's Journals where he finds Americans given up to the unspeakable frivolity of dancing, card-playing and play-going. The smell of brimstone and sulphur clung obstinately to the nostrils of both schools of evangelist; the difference is that to Dr. Graham's generation hell is more immediately recognisable in the shape of a mushroom-shaped cloud.

Churchmen here have argued endlessly over Dr. Graham's methods, with opposition to him stemming from plain jealousy at his success, from straightforward exasperation at his fundamentalist approach, from doubts about the probity of precipitating conversions in an atmosphere of music and crowds, and from a British dislike of untraditional ways of doing things. He has amassed some formidable opponents, among whom is said to be the Archbishop of Canterbury. But the

enormous crowds he has drawn to Haringay, to Wembley, to Glasgow and to Manchester are difficult to ignore, and he has certainly shown that people who would not go down the road to hear their poorly-paid Vicar preach among his gothic arches will travel miles to listen to a well-heeled American among the flood-lights of a football stadium.

The discovery that religious people need not be plain, dowdy and inefficient is certainly one of the most interesting that America has given us. The smart, blue-rinsed lady who comes to my, and doubtless to your, door with tracts promising doom and expecting us to enjoy looking up our fate in the Bible, the extraordinarily likeable body of Latter Day Saints now setting up nicely appointed churches in this country, the long-established members of MRA who in spite of giving up all their money have always managed to make their approaches to Top People in the glossiest hotels, all exhibit the American naturalness over money which makes our discreet British way of handling, say, the financial resources of the Church of England, seem amusingly inhibited.

Amusing, that is, for those who do not have to try to improve on them. American fund-raising consultants whom churches here have begun to call in do not find us so funny. Frank H. Wells, the fair-haired, blue-eyed young scion of the Wells Organization, says that when the Organization came to Britain five years ago after years of triumphant success all over America and in many other countries, they found themselves with the toughest nut of their career.

"It was, you see, the first time we had worked in a country with an established church. We found that if you stopped a man in the street here and asked him he would tell you that the church was state-supported." In Britain too there was the problem that the church is rarely the social centre of the town as it tends to be in the newer towns of America, Canada, Australia and South Africa, and is thus, despite its official status, built less securely into the social fabric. The heavy reliance on the accumulated wealth of past centuries in the Church of England shocked Mr. Wells as it is slowly beginning to shock contemporary Anglicans. "Money," he says, "has got to flow from the grass roots. People need to give and if they give to something they care about it."

The embarrassment of British churches over matters of

money was typified for Mr. Wells by the design of our free-will offering envelopes (the envelopes in which regular church-goers place a promised amount each week). His baffled American eyes discovered that these were so small that it was almost impossible to get paper money into them; a new company was promptly set up to produce a more business-like envelope.

Churches here who decide to abandon the drab old bazaar and jumble-sale track and adopt the Wells system of fund-raising are visited by an expert who produces an analysis and a three-year plan based not on the needs but on the potential of a particular parish. From here the church proceeds practically on a pledge system and emotionally on the principle that people need to feel mutually engaged in a cause. Give people a project they appreciate and they will achieve anything, believes Mr. Wells.

"If you go to a man who hasn't been going to church too regularly and ask him to give something to the church, then you get him on his raw spot. If, on the other hand, you ask him for money to build a new hall for the Sunday School to which his child goes, he will cheerfully respond, and, what is much more important than the money, feel that he is a part of the church."

One of the most wholesome aspects of the Wells Organization and one which arouses most indignation among its critics, is that it forces people into asking the crude question of

what God is worth to them. It points out that a man who spends £1 a week on cigarettes and puts half a crown in the collection plate has made a confession about his faith. They encourage a thoroughly calculating approach to giving and gently ease people back to the old ideal of tithing. But with their admirable ability for totting up the score they note that tithing is quite different for the rich and for the poor. Whereas a man with an income of £20,000 a year might give away half his income and not really notice, a man on £500 who tithed would wreck the family's finances.

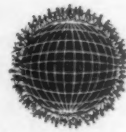
Britain's response to Wells has been illuminating. The terrifying American habit of calling a spade a spade, and the cool, unembarrassed approach to money have inflicted injuries on the ecclesiastical psyche and a mental retreat has inevitably set in. Euphemism has been one method of escape and thus the vulgarity of raising money vanished long ago in the tricky causeways of Christian Stewardship. Similarly, organisations (often staffed by ex-Wells men) which soft-pedal the blunt American approach have crept softly into the whorls of many a clerical ear. Then again some dioceses have appointed their own officers to deal with the question, who by pinching selected Wells ideas and attempting to put them across without Wells' experience and resources behind them, have not only been guilty of plagiarism, but have operated with less efficiency than they might have done otherwise. Thus have many of our native weaknesses been unexpectedly surprised.



"I've forgotten more about bringing up kids than Dr. Spock will ever know."

Thankfully leaving the Scourge Department, we shall snatch up a handful of balm in the shape of another American institution, Bishop Stephen Bayne, who for more than a year has been walking, if not with kings, at least with Archbishops, and has not lost the uncommon touch. As Executive of the Anglican Communion he spends a good deal of time in this country, and displays unfailingly a wit so debonair, so virile, and so free from the waspish jests of ecclesiastical circles, that one almost feels the man should be unfrocked. It is clear that American immigration into the more English sections of the Anglican Communion needs to be carefully controlled if intelligence and imagination are not to do their dastardly work.

Then, of course, there is Public Relations. I have no proof that the Church of England first got wind of the idea from admiring glances in the direction of the Episcopalian Church of America, but it seems likely. (Many British parsons have love-affairs with America, probably because they are treated much more nicely there than they ever are at home). Anyhow PR has come to stay in the Church of England and though theologically it is a sad embarrassment it does mean that Fleet Street occasionally gets stories to do with the church more or less right. Before Capability Hornby came to Church House there was never any Christian news in the papers apart from Vicars running away with Sunday School teachers, falsifying their income tax returns, penetrating the Soho underworld and getting into political brawls. This exciting image made the reality seem unforgivably drab.



In next Wednesday's **PUNCH**

THE CROWDED WORLD

An enquiry into the problems of an exploding world population. A new series of articles by:

Sir Julian Huxley	Edward Hyams
Elsbeth Huxley	Alan Gemmell
Desmond Donnelly	Mary Adams
Ritchie Calder	Claud Cockburn
Marghanita Laski	

The real religious exchange, of course, goes on at the personal level as American and British Christians visit each other's countries and batter away at the same costly set of beliefs. On this level the differences seem unimportant. We had an American curate at my own parish church a few years ago and apart from a minute knowledge of all the musicals of the past twenty years, he did not seem noticeably different from the native variety. He did advise us, though, to invest in electric towel-rails and to subscribe to the *Christian Science Monitor*, two things which as Englishmen and Anglicans we might never have dreamed of doing otherwise.

Disestablishmentarianism

By A. P. H.

Programme Notes for the Audience of "Beyond the Fringe"



THIS beautiful word of ours is not quite so new and strange as it looks. "Establishmentarianism" was in use far back in 1873. It meant "the tenets of an establishmentarian: attached to the principle of a State church" (Oxford English Dictionary): and they say it "was wont to roll over Archbishop Trench's tongue" in those days. In 1885 a gentleman wrote to *The Times*: "I have just voted against the disestablishmentarian." But this, we believe, is the first appearance of *disestablishmentarianism*: and the Oxford English Dictionary Supplement fellows have, we hope, got their eye on us.

It does not, as it should, refer to the Church of England "as by law established." But that is not our fault. We are not even sure what it does refer to. But it means the attitude and state of mind of those who do not think much

of "The Establishment," whatever that means.

Mr. Henry Fairlie, we believe, gave birth to "the Establishment" in the middle '50s. No doubt he knew what he meant by it then: but that does not matter much. The man who first thundered about the "forces of reaction" may have known what he meant. (Look at it—"reaction"—what a word!). But such woolly words, alas, stick like burrs to the minds and tongues of those who come after: and from time to time they should be inspected—and, if possible, removed. The boys and girls who twitter about "the Establishment" to-day have small notion what they mean. Try asking them. Articles, books, may have been written about it, but they have not read them. Nor have we. A good political expression explains itself: this doesn't. Let us try,

then, to clear our minds. If we do not some of us may be in a sad muddle after the next General Election, as we shall presently explain.

Whatever it is, "the Establishment" is clearly a bad thing. The lips of all progressive thinkers, whether politicians, dons, or undergraduates curl up (or down) wherever they have to mention it. A popular public figure was severely written down the other day because he had never opposed "the Establishment."

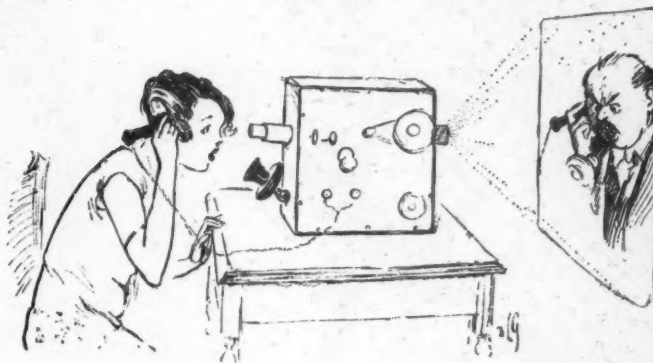
But what is it? Sometimes it seems to mean no more than "the Government" or "the Administration." (This is Theory A). But the disestablishmentarian is then no more than our old and popular friend the man who is "agin' the Government": and "the Establishment" (Modern E.) is no more than a superfluous—and rather wordy—addition to the language.

But the intellectual quality, or pretension, of leading disestablishmentarians is high: so we feel that there must be more. Some have hinted that "the Establishment" includes all those who govern or influence the main departments of the nation's life (Theory B). If this is correct "the Establishment" is no mean whale. The theory, they say, brings in the top men of the BBC and, of course, the unfortunate editor of *The Times* (not, it seems, the editor of the *Daily Telegraph* or even the editor of the *Bilious Weekly*): and all those sinister country houses where titled ladies, on long walks through the wet woods, tell Ministers what to do. It includes, we suppose, the Archbishops, the top Civil Servants, the President of the Royal Academy, the Lord Mayor of London, and the Committee of the MCC. The Lord Chief Justice? No. Lord Mountbatten, we feel, is in it somewhere: but, if he is, then there must be some lofty officers of the Army and Air Force too. Lord, we've forgotten the Governor of the Bank of England—and that leads on to our captains of industry—the Chairman of ICI? Lloyd's? the Stock Exchange? Shell? British Oxygen? Not? Well, how are we to know?

The more we examine this particular theory the less we like it: for it seems to bring in anybody who is at the top of any important tree. The superior sneers are less impressive then, for they look like simple jealousy or congenital insubordination. Spread "the

THEN AS NOW

The Russians are experimenting with a telephone service which enables subscribers to see each other.



[When we have Television shall we ever be given the wrong number to look at while listening to the right one?]

Voice over wire: "AND DOES HONEY-BUNCH LOVE BUNNY-BOY AS MUCH AS EVER?" May 4, 1927

Establishment" too thick and it means no more than everybody's boss.

Thus, theory A makes the expression superfluous: and theory B makes it simply silly.

We now approach the dilemma which may soon disturb the sleep of every thinking progressive disestablishmentarian. For ten years and more we have had a "reactionary" Government. During that grim period—only five or six years ago—"the Establishment" was born. So far, then, "the Establishment" has always been reactionary. But suppose that, in 1963, Mr. Gaitskell and his merry men sweep the country. What then? Will his Administration then become "the Establishment"? Not, surely, for any thinking progressive, to whom the word has always been a cue for scorn. At that Election "the Establishment" must go down before the same stout blows as "the forces of reaction." So the absurd word may gradually dwindle and die.

But we are not sure. Many high persons will remain where they were, the Archbishops, for example, the Governor of the Bank, the President of the Royal Academy. There may be no great changes in the Civil Service, at the Mansion House, *The Times*, or the MCC. Here, perhaps, reaction may still be thought to reign, and so "the Establishment" may take on a new meaning—all persons at the top of any

tree except the enlightened Ministers. But this distinction may cause confusion in the ranks; for an undergraduate who is merely hinting harsh things about *The Times* or the MCC may be suspected of spurning The Government.

Then there are those who suffer from what we may call implacable, incurable disestablishmentarianism. To be "agin' the Government"—now and then—is the right and pride of every Briton. To be agin' every Government at all times betrays a one-way mind. Yet two or three leading disestablishmentarians, well known to the public, exist in this condition and enjoy it. You cannot mention any exalted person or accepted institution without provoking snorts and sneers. They despise almost everything and everybody—hate the House of Commons as much as cricket, *The Times* as hotly as the *Sunday Bosom*. They may throw down Mr. Macmillan, but in ten days poor Mr. Gaitskell will be the laughable top-knot of "the Establishment." But there are not so many of them, and the rest of us must not encourage them. We are founding a Club for the murder of the word. There are only two rules:

1. We* never use it ourselves.
2. If it is used by anyone else we say "Now what *exactly* do you mean?"

*"We" here means "A" and "P" and "H": not *Punch*. (Editor)



"Эх, ты такой-секой—hound-dog!"

The Non-Choleric Meat

An enquiry into the standing of Tripe

By E. S. TURNER

THE Institute of Directors, ever watchful of the digestions and blood-pressure of its members, will hardly have overlooked a recent boast from the North: namely, that businessmen up there suffer less from ulcers than Southerners do because they eat more tripe.

Not long ago the British Medical Association, no less watchful of the digestions and blood-pressure of the public, issued a booklet inciting everyone to eat tripe, which is more than it has done for scampi. The Institute of Directors must not be too proud to follow suit. Anyone in the tripe trade, and doubtless also in the Royal College of Physicians, will explain that a plateful of tripe is completely digested in one hour, thus liberating reserves of energy for the higher bodily and mental functions; whereas a large underdone steak, after three hours, will still be

impoverishing the brain and sabotaging the export drive.

One does not want to nag the Institute of Directors into this, but it could do worse than lead off its booklet with a quotation from *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act Four, Scene Three, where Grumio says of a neat's foot: "I fear it is too choleric a meat. How say you to a fat tripe, finely broiled?" Not that one would wish to disparage neat's feet, which are especially dear to the hearts of tripe men, but the point to bring out is that tripe, besides discouraging ulcers, does not feed that volcanic anger which, in these days of tea-break warfare, does so much to shorten a director's expectation of life.

A doctor with thirteen letters after his name has defined tripe as "a delicate combination of protein, albumen and snowy tissue transformed into glistening gelatine by cooking. It

contains creatinin, glycogen and saro-lactin, all food essences, and five times as much nucleo-protein as ordinary striated muscle or what is known as red meat." This, with its unmedical adjectives like "snowy" and "glistening" (could he not have thrown in flocculent?), compares very favourably with the usual dictionary definition: "the large stomach of a ruminant, prepared for food."

The texture of tripe depends on whether it comes from the paunch, the reticulum or elsewhere. There is honeycomb, subtly designed by nature to hold the maximum quantity of vinegar; thick seam (Grumio's fat tripe?) of which every shopper tries to secure an unfair share; leaf or black tripe, for the sort of person who can eat black pudding; and weasand, or oesophagus. The North eats these. In the nervous South they settle for thick seam and honeycomb.

Lancashire became addicted to tripe in the same way that it became addicted to fish and chips; that is, the wives who worked in the mills wanted a pre-cooked meal to buy on the way home. To-day it is almost obligatory to despise wives who do this, but the tripe trade knows that it was the pre-cooked meal which made the North the nation's workshop and thus—why be modest about it?—made Britain great.

The early tripe shops in Britain were not the most *chic* of establishments, but there was a respectable one in Tottenham Court Road, London, where society hostesses sent their chefs to buy thick seam when they entertained the future King Edward VII (the Marlborough House set did not live exclusively on larks). In the North the great purging and merging of tripe shops started fifty years ago. On the leading circuit it became deliberate policy to make the tripe shop the most sparkling shop in the street, a bold splash of red amid the encircling gloom. For sentimental reasons the old sites were retained but they were transformed by tiles and terrazzo. In each one, sooner or later, appeared a picture of a beaming Mum bearing a platter of what, at a careless glance, looked like the day's wash but was in fact a pleasing assemblage of thick seam and honeycomb studded with tomatoes.

A tripe advertising campaign in 1924 was described, in an advertisers' journal,

as "the most outstanding and the most courageous campaign of the year." Nowadays it does not need courage to advertise tripe. In times of strife the Government is ready to undertake this chore (incidentally, tripe was probably the only food to finish the last war at the same price at which it started: ninepence a pound).

With luck the trade has two boom periods annually: in a hot summer, the North rushes for tripe, eaten cold (or, as some say "raw," which it isn't) with salad. In a cold winter, the South eats it hot, with onions. The North does not, of course, neglect tripe in the winter, but the South tends to seek other kickshaws in summer.

No one can accuse the compilers of cookery books of neglecting tripe; indeed their recipes may strike the layman as pernickety. An indispensable aid appears to be a ruler, since (according to one authority) tripe must be cut into

one-inch squares for stewing, two-inch squares for *à la Lyonnaise*, two-and-a-half-inch squares for a *fricassée*, three-inch squares when served with onions, and so on. In one place or another

THE BUNKER

By Bernard Hollowood



"It's fifty feet deep, blast-proof and fall-out proof."

one reads of tripe Citizen, tripe House-keeper, tripe Housewife, tripe Holland House, tripe wiggle, tripe hot-pot, tripe-and-egg pie, tripe smoothie, tripe gâteau and tripe as mock crab. A heading likely to scare the undecided is "Tripe for Breakfast."

The almost legendary *Tripes à la mode de Caen* is decidedly not a meal to be rushed up by the homing housewife. Recipes call for simmering for anything up to twelve hours and the additives include cow-heel, carrots, onions, cider and brandy. Fortunately it can now be obtained in charming old-world cans from Caen.

Lancashire reads with a certain reserve, as well as with awe, of the annual festivities of the *Confrérie de Gastronomie Normande et des Chevaliers de la Tripière d'Or*, which one has seen anglicised, no less picturesquely, as the Brotherhood of the Golden Tripe. The sceptic will say "What is tripe,

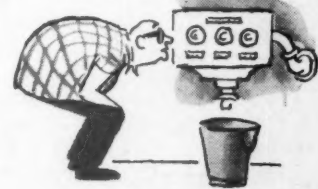
"We've got enough canned and concentrated food to last for months."



"Even entertainment we've thought of—books, games, bingo, puzzles..."



"Here's the water supply—
independent of mains of course."



"And here's how we dispose of human effluents."



"Snags? Well, there's just one. Naturally the bunker isn't proof against conventional forces..."



"... but we keep our fingers crossed..."



"... and pray it'll never be rendered obsolete by nuclear disarmament."



"Yes, but it would mean keeping up with the Schmidts, Duponts, De Vries, Perellis and the Joneses."

that it should have a brotherhood?" Let him go to the great hall at Caen for the annual competition at which the nations of the world are invited to submit the best bowl of *Tripes à la mode de Caen*. It is conducted with the aid of bagpipes, national costumes, dancers and judges in crimson and blue robes with white lace *jabots*. There is a mystical ceremony to symbolise the marriage of tripe with cider, and one cannot get much more mystical than that. Much garlic is consumed and much Calvados. It is a heroic feast, warranted to scunner the Northern housewife content with half a pound of black and a plate of bread and butter.

Caen would like to know why the word tripe was allowed to degenerate into a term of literary criticism; and so

would Lancashire. Etymologists have traced the slander back to 1676 and it may well go beyond that. Happily literary men of our own generation have made some amends. At least one anthology contains Mr. J. B. Morton's noble poem which begins "Come, gentle tripe . . ." and ends:

Was this the food that launched a
thousand ships
And tore the heart of Dido, as she
stood
Above the feast, wiping her royal lips,
And called her love again—was
this the food?

It could have been at that. The Greeks thought tripe worth serving on golden salvers. As for the Romans, they are said to have slain oxen for the tripe and thrown away the rest.

BLACK MARK . . . No. 22

. . . for the persistent use of 'n. It came, of course, from America—fish 'n flats, ham 'n eggs. The only good that came of it there was Judy Holliday's celebrated remark in a film—"I bet I earn more than Calv'n Coolidge—*put together!*" Thanks to the ludicrously imitative genius of our advertising industry we are now surrounded by mix'n match, fish 'n chips, steak 'n onions. Recently a placard advertising a Church Fête featured this pointless abbreviation—"Bring 'n Buy." What, we wonder was the vicar's subject for the sermon next day—Sodom 'n Gomorrah?

It Could Happen to You

Thoughts arising from a visit to the National Security Exhibition

By B. A. YOUNG

AT the time of writing, I have no Goyas, Rubenses or Renoirs hanging on my walls, so there is no need for me to encumber them with wires connected to electric pads, placed between the stretchers and the canvases, to give warning of picture-thieves.

My handsome and sturdy briefcase is filled, for reasons I need not go into here, with copies of *Marilyn*, *Mirabelle*, *Valentine* and *Boyfriend*, so it would only be a waste to fit machinery that would make it belch red smoke, or grow three six-foot telescopic legs, if anyone snatched it from me.

There is no oil in the sump of my car, and if anyone put some in, it would only run out again, though I must confess it would not sound an alarm on the horn at the same time.

No windows are open at my flat, my latchkey is not hidden underneath the doormat, and the only note I have left for any of the tradesmen is for the greengrocer and says "George. 5/- each way Operatic Society."

You might think, in fact, that I was a dim prospect for any salesman of security equipment who might chance to knock at my door.

Actually, as it happens, a salesman reasonably open to sensible argument would find a lot of profit in a short visit to me: not because I should be likely to buy a portable television camera to observe my charlady at work, or an ultra-sonic alarm for automatic intruder and fire detection, but because I think I could steer the inventors of these alluring engines on to some new ideas.

For example, here is the National Gallery turning down a well-meant suggestion that all its pictures should have electric pads placed behind the canvases and wired up to a central alarm system. You can see the Gallery's point; they get a hundred or so new pictures in every year and keep moving everything around, so the knitting these wires would degenerate into after a time would be formidable.

But why not frames that belch red smoke like briefcases? (Briefcases do belch red smoke in this world.) There

is a little activating button connected with the picture-wire at the back, you see, and when the tension is taken off the wire as the picture is removed, this smoke jets out of a score of tiny pin-holes, all over the thieves, though of course missing the canvas. Banks have agreed to exchange notes stained with red smoke, but I imagine picture-dealers will not follow their example. Perhaps instead of smoke there could be some horrible-smelling liquid like carbylamine, that would saturate the thieves' clothing and give them away even in the all-night coffee-bars.

That was an idea off the top of my head, as the advertising people say, but I have some other proposals springing from my own personal experience of crime (all at the receiving end so far, let me say).

Once, for instance, some people obviously weak in the head drove my car to the East End and, visited by some unfathomable urge, stopped outside an

outfitters' in the Cable Street area, took the starting-handle from its handy stowage under the front seat, bashed in the shop-window and stuffed the back of the car full of T-shirts, jeans, sweaters and other luxuries.

Beginning at the point where the car has already been taken, the following precautions suggest themselves:

Starting-handles of cars should be wired up to the battery so that anyone taking them out gets a shock. Drivers taking them out for the legitimate purpose of starting the car are protected by the elementary fact that they wouldn't be using the handle unless the battery was run down.

Shop-windows in Cable Street to be made of polarised glass, and the illumination behind them polarised in the other direction (your children will explain this) as soon as warning has been received over the ultra-sonic system that robbers are approaching. The window will then look blank and



"For a man over sixty not to be well off is unnatural."

the robbers assume that the last closing-down sale before bankruptcy is over.

T-shirts, jeans and sweaters should have a fine metal thread woven into them, connected with the electric mains. These are plugged in after working hours, and so devised that as soon as the garments are removed from their display stands the threads become red hot and ruin them.

Then you have the case of the small domestic burglar like the chap who breaks into my flat every eighteen months or so. Assuming that nothing I can do will ever stop him coming in, he will no doubt continue to remove his

invariable haul of camera, typewriter, tape-recorder, clothes and gramophone-records as often as I, or the insurance company, replace the ones he took last time.

An inconspicuous attachment I have in mind will stop all this. The camera, as soon as it is picked up, will photograph the burglar, at the same time tripping a switch that will set the tape-recorder off recording the burglar's muttered imprecations, the typewriter typing a description of him, the gramophone playing *The Rite of Spring* so loudly that neighbours will flock to the door from every direction. Or, of

course, a similar reaction can be obtained if he picks up one of the other objects first; and no doubt the circuit can be extended later to include the silver, the jewellery, the furs and the loose money, though anyone who is burgled as regularly as I am will be unlikely to have anything in these categories worth burgling.

At the other end of the scale, I am now working on an apparatus to be installed in West Berlin which will flash a warning in Whitehall, the Quai d'Orsay and the Pentagon if there is any attempt to remove it from the jurisdiction of Dr. Adenauer.

Here's to Us

"The majority of winemakers, in Great Britain at least, are men and women of intelligence and culture"

—Preface to book for amateur wine-makers.

WE are faintly distressed that our hobby

Should involve either palate or tongue
In the use of a word

As abrupt and absurd

As "spiling" or "flogger" or "bung."

However, our sugar is invert;

Our enzymes are catalysts, too—
So please do not think

That we make our own drink

Because it is easy to do.

By Baumé, by Brix and by Twaddell

We measure our wine in degrees;

We calculate crises

In saccharomyces

And learn what is left in the lees.

Ebullioscopes at the ready,

We kill the wild yeasts at a blow

As we sulphite our must

And disguise our disgust

At bacteria breeding below.

Hydrolysis solaces people

Whose minds are a ferment of doubt:

"It is culture that counts,

Not results" we pronounce—

As we spit our experiments out.

— ANTHONY BRODE





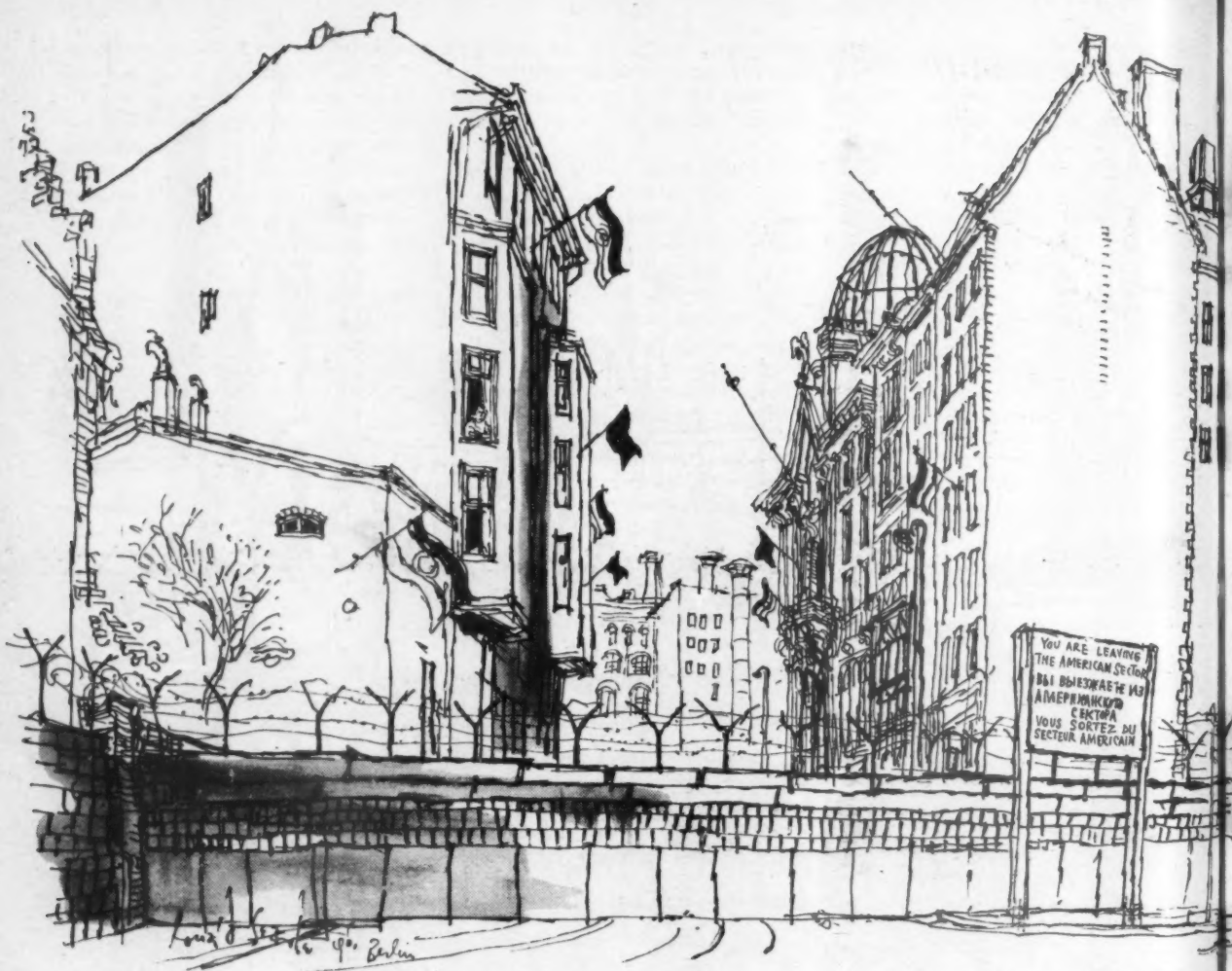
THE WALL

RONALD SEARLE IN BERLIN



Within a short distance of the Potsdamer Platz Vopos patrol a double barrier of stone and barbed wire. Along this strip of no-man's-land an armoured car stands with guns at the ready. Stock-piles of tear gas are at hand for the Vopos.

A Vopo on guard.

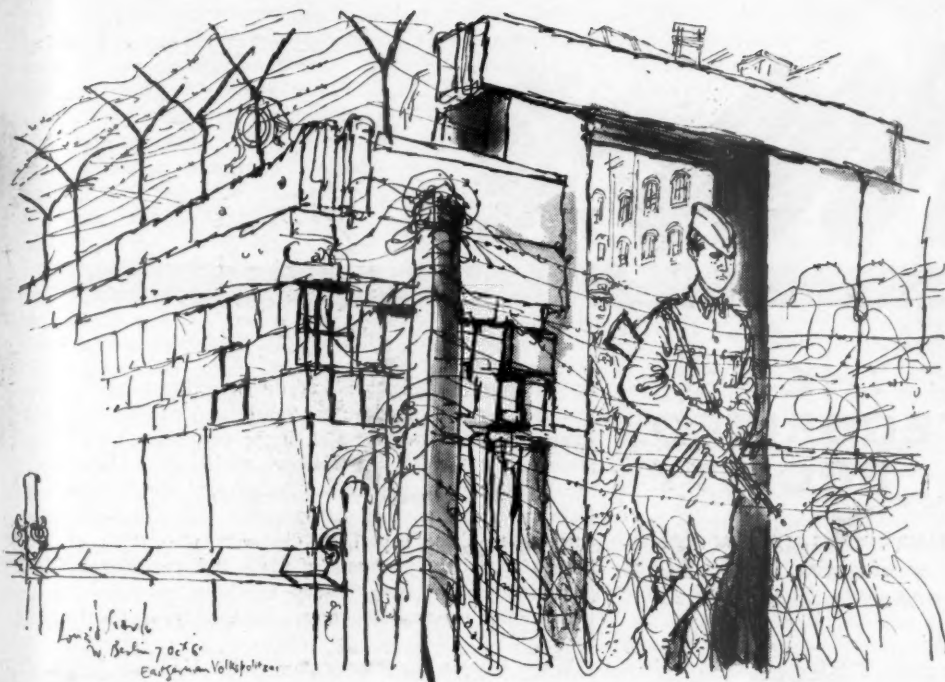


In an Eastern Zone side street the flags are out in Mikoyan's honour. At the window of a house an old woman gazes hopelessly into the now unreachable Western Zone. The ornate building on the right was once a Salvation Army Headquarters. Now it is a post office.

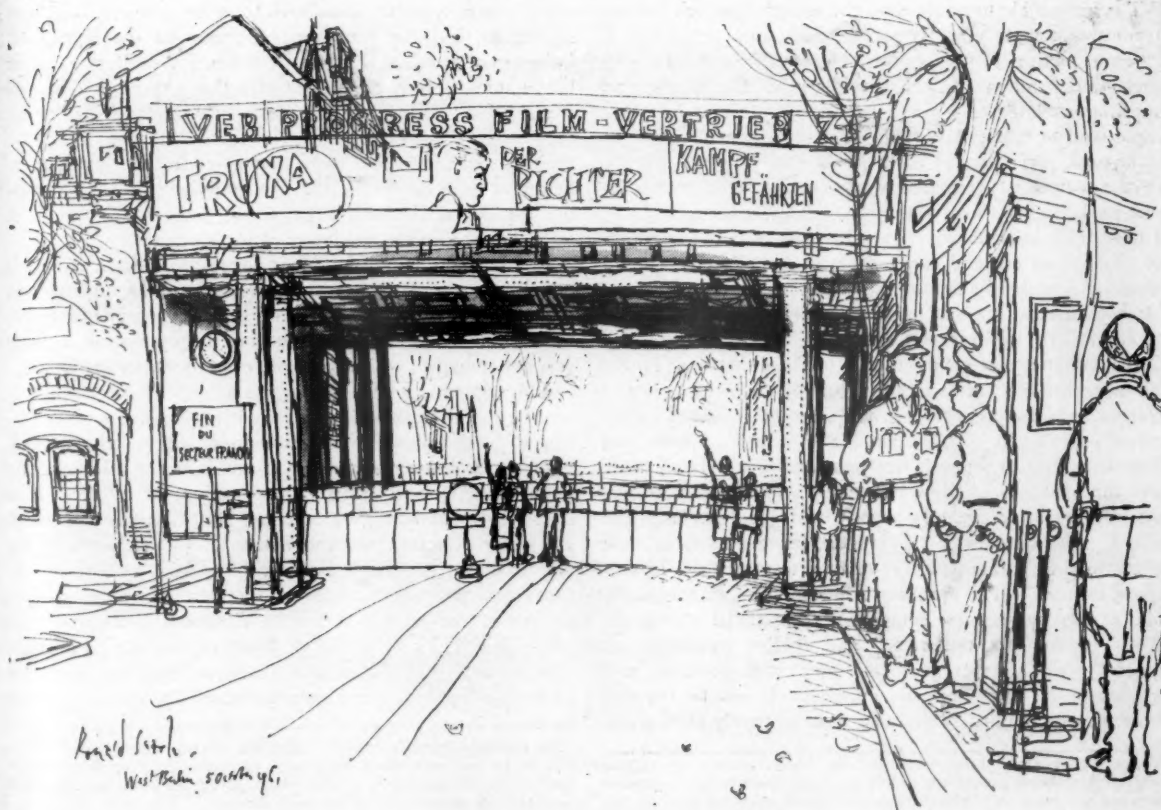


Vopo guards constantly keep an eye on the Western Zone and watch for attempts to escape from the East.

Waving to rejoin the Eastern Zone.



Corner of Harzer Strasse. This Vopo guard, annoyed at being under observation, threatened to throw tear gas, but was restrained by a West German policeman.





THE CATEGORISED SOCIETY

Too late to expose his contemporaries as status-seeking, affluent, waste-making or stagnant, H. F. ELLIS opens up a new vein of social distinctions

1 The Umbrage Takers

IT is impossible to understand the society in which we live or to integrate ourselves successfully into it without a clear picture of the groups, clusters or divisions into which—independent of and subsidiary to the layers and stratifications imposed by class, race, religion and money—people tend to fall. Some of these groupings are familiar to the layman, some can be distinguished only by the trained eye of a sociologist; some are overt, existing self-consciously, some work like yeast in secret unaware of any inner coherence; all have their importance in the structure of a living nation and, if ferreted out and exposed to the light of day, should command a ready sale among the vogue-readers.*

It is a curious fact that more attention, in general, is paid (by advertisers, for example) to groups that have little or no internal adherence or cohesion than to those that have much. Tea-drinkers and motorists, constantly referred to and deferred to in the press as elsewhere, are *as groups* of practically no sociological significance. The former drink tea, the latter drive cars, and that is really the end of it. In all other ways the members of these two groups, which are not even mutually exclusive, may be utterly variegated in taste and outlook. We cannot say "This man, being a motorist, will behave in such and such a way or tend to marry this or that type of woman." The grouping is meaningless, sociologically null, as can be seen by comparing the parallel statements "Most grocers are motorists" and "Most motorists are grocers." The former predicate may well be true, and significant; the latter is clearly pigwash. It will be the aim of the present inquiry to waste no time on purely mechanical

and arbitrary stratifications and divisions, but to go straight to those that are based on the quirks and curiosities of the human heart, to tear the veil, if the expression be not too strong, from the Rubbish Keepers, the Random Harvesters, the Weird Sisters, the Crypto-Pedagogues, the Unmuddled Oafs and many another categorisation that will come as a surprise to those superficial observers who think of the human race only in terms of class and commerce. The group chosen for study to-day has been ignored hitherto both in this country and, more surprisingly, in the United States.

When I began my investigation of the Umbrage Takers I certainly expected to find more of this commodity taken in the North than below the Wash-Bristol line. The sources of one's preconceptions are hard to trace and perhaps not significant, but the traditional dourness of the Scots, the influence of novelists from the potteries, and perhaps a certain heavy, tough, even doughy quality that can be felt in and beyond the Midlands must have contributed. From my very early days I have been convinced that a Yorkshire umbrage was somehow more impenetrable than anything to be met with in the South, that the wounded pride of a Northumbrian or a Lowland Scot would wrap itself always in thicker, less unravellable layers of black offence.

In fact, there is no foundation for such a belief. I have a note in my records of a postmistress in South Devon who had not spoken to her sister for seven years, over some disagreement about string, and still felt very deeply that an apology was not enough*; while up north, even in places like Rugeley and Accrington, I have run across a *laissez-faire*, least-said-soonest-mended attitude that would strike many an arms-folded, black-browed Sussex woman as almost light-minded. Umbrage is non-regional and non-racial, just as it has nothing to do directly with either class, position, or money. It is equally present in all the accepted stratifications of society. Its tentacles reach into the homes of the richest and the poorest alike, and may fasten with no less tenacity on the heart of a mortified duke than on that of an offended coalman. Indeed so universal is it, and so unrelated in its onset and action to any of the normal divisions of society that it might well form a useful cement, a catalyst breaking down the barriers of ignorance and misunderstanding, were it not that

*Vogue-readers, i.e. those who read the books written by vogue-writers. Both these groups are becoming numerous enough to deserve exposure in a book to be titled, perhaps, *The Wastepaper Makers*.

*An apology never is enough. Yet the offence that originally gave rise to the umbrage, even if it can be determined, is rarely of a kind that can be expiated in any other way. Even the umbrage-taker can see that. Hence the durability of umbrages.

the umbraged never recognise in their condition anything remotely akin to the umbrage of others. This is an invariable rule. Umbrage owes its strength to a conviction that one's own is somehow nothing of the kind. The umbrage of others has always about it some element of the ridiculous; and the more tremendous it is, the more unshakeable, glowering and withdrawn its outward manifestations, the more irresistibly comic it becomes. A man's own umbrage is rarely, to himself, a laughable thing; indeed, if it becomes so, it has ceased to exist.

Though umbrage is to be found, as has been said, in all walks of life, without distinction of class or creed, it is none the less possible to identify certain groups and categories with an unusually high umbrage potential or in whom the umbrage, when taken, is of exceptional quality. Thus clergy and schoolmasters, trade union leaders and people engaged in charitable work huff more readily than plasterers, say, or junior naval officers; while for *depth* of dudgeon, councillors, children of twelve, and women in positions of trust come most easily to mind. We shall do well to examine one or two of these categories a little more closely, prefacing our investigation with the warning that few if any generalised observations will be found to hold water in this difficult field. The superficially attractive Umbrage Rule, for instance, put forward originally, I believe, by a dining-car steward, that the humble huff easier and the self-important deeper is not conclusively borne out by the available statistics.

Schoolmasters provide without question the richest field for umbrage study. It is a matter of contiguity and the nature of their work, rather than of the inherent characteristics of those who are drawn to teaching. The Common Room, with its rosters of tedious duties, its hurried cups of coffee, and its atmosphere of shared *gotownishness* (hard to define more exactly), is a natural breeding-ground for resentments. It would be absurd to suggest that the clergy huff less readily than any other group on earth, but in sheer total of umbrage per head they fall well below the teaching profession simply because of the lack of regular meeting-places and the more solitary nature of their work. I do not mean that people must meet frequently for umbrage to be taken; once is often enough. But umbrage must not only be taken, it must be seen to be taken, if it is to broaden and deepen satisfactorily. Umbrage *in absentia*, one of the three accredited ways of showing offence, is effective only where the absence is soon marked, as with young children who fail to turn up to meals. A parsonhipped by one of his colleagues, whom he is not due to see again until Holy Communion the Sunday after next, is badly handicapped and may even find his umbrage withering for lack of manifestation. Schoolmasters, by contrast, meet daily and find ample opportunities to exercise their umbrages, which thus tend to be of the *minimal communication* type i.e. the offence is shown by exchanging only essential remarks with the umbragee and at once turning to another colleague with a great show of friendliness; or, better, by the use of curt



"You can't say I didn't run the gamut of their emotions."



"I tell you, Jackson, I wish I'd listened to my careers master."

notes, if possible, instead of speech. This form of umbrage, well suited to any group or body with a closely contiguous existence, is naturally popular in university and college faculties, as well as in schools, and is freely found in committees, councils, Government offices, hospitals, etc. In families, where mere curtness may not be enough (small social units have the disadvantage of a lack of *contrast*, e.g. there may be no third party who C, to A's effusiveness, will show up his rancour against B) and may be mistaken simply for a "mood," minimal communication sometimes matures into absolute silence, as in the case of the South Devon postmistress. A determination not to be the first to speak can be extremely difficult to break down, and leads to much ingenuity, as yet only superficially investigated by sociologists, in the conduct of the everyday business of life. An instance came under my own notice some years ago of a brother and sister living in a very deep third-degree umbrage in Essex, who regularly invited a niece or nephew to stay when some urgent joint decision required to be taken. It was then possible, by addressing to the young guest such remarks as "Your aunt seems to think the coalman is cheating us" or "Your Uncle Edward very well knows that there is a reliable merchant in Brook Street," to arrive at an understanding, without any necessity for the interpreter to do more than turn his head politely from one to the other and get on with his fish.

Absolute silence is, of course, commonest between husband and wife, but matrimonial umbrages, which are widely believed to spring from wounded feelings rather than injured pride, cannot be dealt with here, on the principle that sociology

should never throw away on a paragraph what might well run to a volume.*

"Deprecatory" umbrage is no longer so prevalent as it once was, now that governesses and poor relations are on the wane. But so long as differences in status continue to exist, and to be keenly felt, the phrase "Oh, please don't bother about me!" is unlikely to die out of the language. The growth of the New Towns may even lead to a recrudescence. It is certainly to be hoped so, from the investigator's point of view, since the taking of humble umbrage ("Humbrage" in sociologists' jargon, or "low dudgeon") displays marked differences from the *in absentia* and minimal communication types. Ubiquity and volubility are, in fact, its hallmarks. In the whole range of social-canker study it is difficult to find a more fascinating clash of methods than in the meeting of a spinster of modest means with, say, an eminent surgeon whom she has just called "Doctor" and invited to look at a thorn in her finger. Only an expert understands that the garrulity of the one and the monosyllabic politeness of the other spring from the same profound depths of bitter personal resentment.

Some authorities, notably Cleever and Meadows who have done a lot of work among councillors and trade union leaders, distinguish a fourth "overt" or violent type of umbrage, instancing walk-outs and reiterated statements that this or that (often an offer of more money) is an insult. I find myself unable to agree with this view. In the first place, anything like mass umbrage appears to me to be a contradiction in terms; second, and more important, violence in word or deed is the mark of anger, real or simulated, which is a very different thing. Anger may turn to umbrage, and often does, but in itself it lacks the brooding, static, purplish quality of true dudgeon. Umbrage has stamina, it works in secret; like the shade of a great tree, with which it is philologically so closely connected, it spreads and deepens as the day wears on. It has a genuineness that anger sometimes lacks. *Simulated* umbrage is hardly conceivable, outside diplomatic circles.

A great deal of work remains to be done in this complex field. Classification has its uses, is indeed essential as a basis upon which to work; but we have to go beyond that. We have to learn how to break down the inherent seclusiveness of the umbrage takers, their failure to admit even to themselves that that is what they have taken. Umbrage, in short, has to be made acceptable and respectable, so that the great mass who have taken it (and it is estimated that at any one time seven out of ten are in a state of dudgeon with somebody or about something) may be addressed and manipulated as a *workable group*. Until that happens, the umbrage takers will remain proof against the organs of propaganda, which is the directing force of society, and must continue to be, from the point of view of the politician, the press and above all the advertiser, a national dead loss.

* In preparation, *The Badly Hurt Society*.

Next week: **The Random Harvesters**

☆

"The energy requirements of the body are derived from the oxidation of foodstuffs. But only a small portion is converted into clothes while playing out of doors in hot weather. Vests are quite energy; the rest appears as heat."—*Edinburgh Evening News*

Unightly, really.



"In the name of Heaven, man, resign!"

Prep-School Rune

RICHARD USBORNE recalls a battle-cry that became a problem

AT my prep-school forty years ago, one of my contemporaries was called Potter. His boothole number was 38. He was always full of new notions. Or at least they were new to me and others of our year. Potter came back one term and said "Look, I can break my nose!" He put the fingers of both hands covering his nose, and gave it a twist. There was a sharp crack. Then he twisted it the other way, there was another sharp crack, and his nose was straight again.

Well, some time later I learnt that he made the crack noises with a thumbnail against his top teeth. He didn't reveal the trick first time, because Coates *mi*, who was next to me, fainted and had to be carried up to Matron. By the time he had come to, been given a Gregory Powder and been walked across to the San to await Dr. Angier, the spotlight had come off Potter. Dr. Angier couldn't find anything wrong with Coates *mi*, who was ashamed of himself for fainting about Potter's nose. Matron got a

muddled account of what had made Coates *mi* slither to the floor, and she muttered something surly about kids showing off.

Then next term Potter had another good trick. He said he could cut his arm off. He pulled his coat sleeve right down over his left hand and then gave himself a hard biff on the left biceps with the edge of his right hand. Then, with his right hand, he proceeded (apparently) to pull his severed left arm out of its coat sleeve. It was very realistic. The trouble was that Potter and the rest of us had forgotten about Coates *mi*. He fainted again. This time Matron got in a bate and, pausing only to give Coates *mi* a Gregory Powder, reported Potter to the Head. He got four. Coates *mi* was very upset about this and, when his parents came down for Sports that term, and smuggled him in a jar of boiled sweets, he gave most of them to Potter. It was strictly forbidden for boys to have sweets sent or brought to them, and if boys acquired

sweets, they had to hand them in instantly to Matron. Coates *mi*, Potter, Curtis *mi* and myself were guzzling away at these sweets during a lecture (with slides) by an Old Boy on an Expedition to Spitzbergen, and a master behind us smelled liquorice in the dark. All four of us got two each.

Potter came back another term with a secret rune or battle-cry. He taught it to the other three of us to gabble off, word perfect. It went:

*Shim sham shamadiddle
Alibub orang-tang
See-saw bumbo
Li-bo larry-bo
Riptic poptic Cairo.*

Having learnt it, we didn't really know what to do with it. It was certainly going to be a rallying cry if any of us were set upon by Churchill, Pearson or their gang. I don't remember that we ever were set upon. Also I know that we four planned to meet on some date (forgotten) a number (forgotten) of years later at the bar of the

Ritz Hotel (not forgotten. Chisholm's mother . . . the Chisholms were frightfully rich . . . stayed there and we saw a letter from her with the address printed), and identify ourselves in the crush with this cry.

That hasn't happened yet, and anyway Coates *mi* was killed in the War. He got a very good DSO and MC, so presumably he had grown out of his tendency to faint at the thought of physical damage. But Potter's secret rune produced one ludicrous result in 1941 well up to prep-school standards.

I was in Jerusalem, a jumped-up officer posted on some kind of Intelligence lark which I didn't understand. But I was under the guidance of another officer, Connon, who, I was led to believe, did know what we were supposed to be doing. But he was utterly mysterious about everything. I think he hoped, before the war was over, to have the outlines of an enemy fort tattooed on his thigh, or to swallow a secret paper, or at least to write an invisible message in lemon juice. But at this juncture he took me round in a car visiting Arab houses, safely behind the lines of the advancing Australian, Free French and other contingents who were liberating Syria from Vichy. Neither Connon nor I had a word of Arabic, and I had only my prep-school French. Connon talked (probably bad) French to these Arabs over cups of coffee, and often, when saying *Adieu* to them, added a throaty "*Courage!*"

We had to share a double room at the King David Hotel for several weeks, and we generally spent our evenings separately. Connon may have been going round saying "*Courage!*" to people in the dark. I went to the cinema, or played bridge at the house of Munir El Hourri, the Palestine Police Captain. One bridge evening I brought along as a fourth an old prep-school friend, Latham (his boothole number had been 71), whom I'd run into in Jerusalem. For a Moslem household, it was a fairly alcoholic evening at Munir's, with a bottle of Bolonachi's Egyptian gin, and Latham and I talked a good deal of prep-school shop between hands. The subject of Potter came up, and I repeated Potter's rune or battle-cry. Latham hadn't heard it, was delighted with it, and asked me to write it out so that he could learn it. I did, and I thought I'd left the piece of paper with Latham at the end of the evening.

Not so. Six months or more later, after Connon and I had clocked out of the King David and gone our different ways, I met him again, outside Rustum Buildings in GHQ, Cairo. I was on my way home after the office. Connon told me he was flying back to England late that night. I took him off to dinner with me on the roof of the Continental.

Near the end of the meal, he said "Look, there's something I want to ask you." And he produced from his wallet the bit of paper on which I had written the Potter rune for Latham in

Jerusalem those months back. Connon said "What *did* you mean? I could *not* work it out." I said "How did you get hold of this?" He said "I found it in my riding boot, where you'd put it." (Like many fantasist officers in "I" who had been sent to the Near East and had read the *Seven Pillars*, Connon had brought some riding boots out from England. He polished them frequently, but never, to my knowledge, wore them. They had stood under our clothes-hangers in the cupboard in our room at the King David.)

What must have happened was that I had scooped up the bit of paper after bridge at Munir's that evening, and that it had fallen out of a pocket in the cupboard and slipped into one of Connon's riding boots. What then *did* happen (I know, because Connon told me) was that he discovered the paper after our ways had separated, and he'd been quite sure it was a code message, from me to him, of great secrecy, urgency and importance. All he could rumble was the word "Cairo."

I tried to tell him what the (true) silly story was, but he obviously didn't truly believe me, and he drove off to Al Maza or Heliopolis or whatever it was, presumably thinking that the importance of this secret message had lapsed, and that I didn't want him to know what it was that I had been trying to tell him in Jerusalem.

Potter did good boffin work in the War. I hoped to find his name in Bernard Fergusson's book about Combined Ops, but it wasn't there. Potter had been an Inventions chap, mostly in Deception, but certainly connected with Mountbatten and Combined Ops at one stage. The man-made floating iceberg aerodrome idea wasn't his, but it might easily have been.

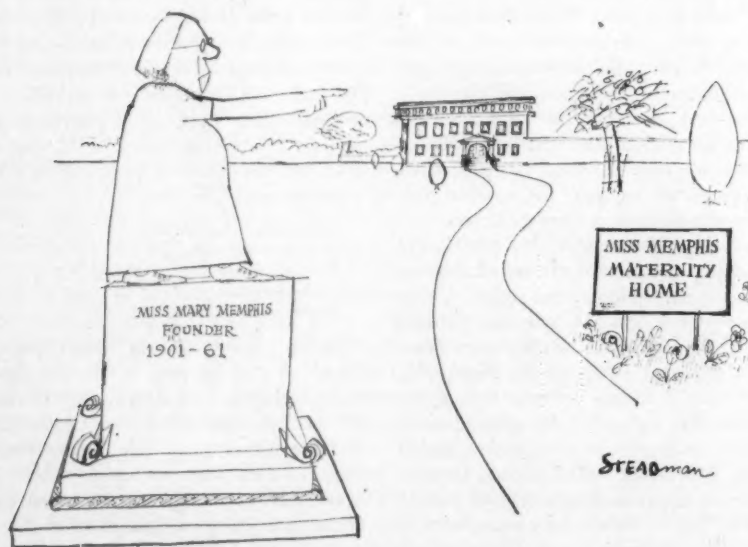
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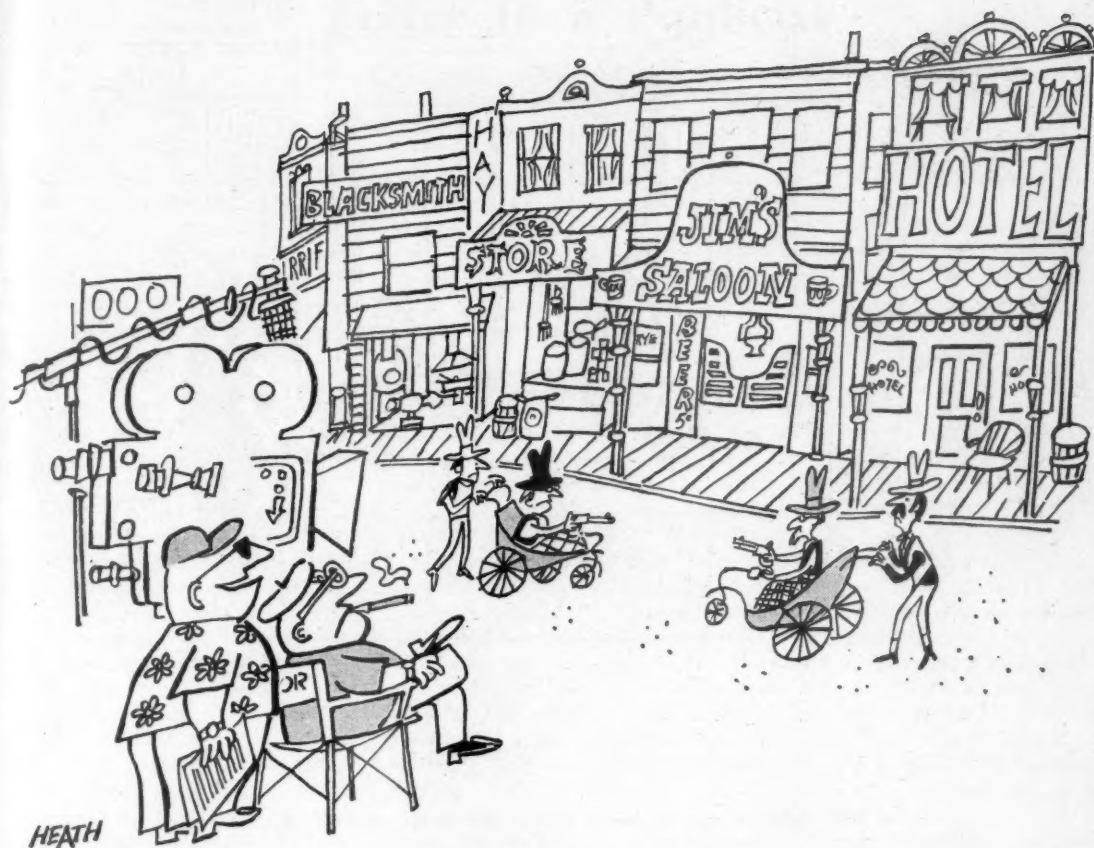
MY heart sinks low
Each time I go
To clean the bath inside.

The daily score
Is clearly four
Distinctive marks of tide.

Now wouldn't you
Suppose that two
Might sometimes coincide?

— NINA BENTLEY





"Don't worry, H.K., they're still big time at the box-office."

Home Thoughts for Two Hundred and Sixty

By PETER DICKINSON

NEXT week, when the *Stirling Castle* docks, the exiles from Tristan da Cunha will land at Southampton and be whisked into the maelstrom of civilisation. First they will have to pose endlessly, amid the dockside smells of haddock and coke, in groups arranged to look as forlorn and picturesque as possible. They will endure the sidling reporters asking questions designed to elicit naïf wonder at all they have seen of England (the back end of a customs shed). Then they'll be paraded on generous sight-seeing tours by rival groups who need the publicity. And of course they'll be interviewed by Derek Hart. They will be run between the millstones of our

national curiosity like corn—not, as you might think, to satisfy our thirst to know about the Tristanians, but to find out what they think of us.

I do not know if other nations suffer from this itch to astonish the newcomer, whether the Dutch and Peruvians and Chinese all have a phrase equivalent to "I think your policemen are wonderful." But we certainly have a passion for being congratulated on being English. And the two hundred and sixty-two Tristanians will have an additional delight to offer. They are simple folk, homespun philosophers, with quaint Sam-Wellerish accents. Surely they can provide a proverb or two which will pierce through the complexities of our

social order to the disease at the heart.

Being, apparently, polite people, they will give us what we want. Awe, for instance. Although England, according to reports (and how did every newspaper in Fleet Street suddenly dig up its own expert on Tristan to produce reports of this sort?), has always been "home" to them and they can be expected to know quite a lot about it, they will have the good manners to pretend to astonishment at such things as the size of London. And, of course, there will be aspects of it that they genuinely are not prepared for—the noise and the dirt and the stinking, twelve-times-breathed air. Similarly, though they will know about our density of population, they will



"His publishers say they want more action in his autobiography."

politely let us share their bewilderment at the unimagined crowds and keep to themselves what they really think of the regiments of tallow-faced housewives jostling along Oxford Street with string-bags full of dazzling cartons and tasteless bread.

By the same token, those who expect the Tristanians to provide a fountain of natural piety or commonsense welling up to refresh the weary faithful amid the desert of modern life—in other words to come out strongly against capital punishment or bingo or strikes or sexual promiscuity among adolescents—can expect a polite answer. Probably, since there is plenty of time to think on a misty island where two ships call a year, it will be a sane "Don't know," and bang will go the public image of two hundred and sixty-two Will Rogerses.

Then we will begin to leave them alone, and they will have a chance to settle down in peace. It will be a

curious feeling. Until three weeks ago Tristan looked like being the one community that nuclear war might leave undamaged. They were the inheritors of our civilisation. Now, having been disinherited by a caprice of Mother Nature, they will get their first chance to look the property over. I wonder whether it will console them to discover that one volcano is very like another.

☆

"There were also some notable disappointments. For to offset the cheering improvements—of Hampshire from twelfth to the championship, Worcestershire from thirteenth to fourth, Leicestershire from seventeenth to ninth, and Somerset from fourteenth to tenth—there were the sad falls of Lancashire from second to thirteenth, Surrey from seventh to fifteenth, Northamptonshire from ninth to sixteenth, and Nottinghamshire to the only place left to them"—*The Guardian*

Well, perhaps they'll all be top next year.

The Miracle Worker

YOU were feeling sorry for you,
I was feeling sorry for me;
Both of us were wanting something new,
When the Vicar came to tea.

You were feeling rather ill;
I was feeling nearly dead.
Both of us rather hoped it was Bill,
But the Vicar came in instead.

You were feeling rather glum,
I was feeling far from gay;
We wished that somebody else would come,
Or the Vicar would go away.

You said "Do have some more!"
I murmured "Do stay on!"
We laughed like lunatics and rolled
round the floor,
After the Vicar was gone.

— R. P. LISTER

Letter to a Publicist

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

DEAR BULB INFORMATION DESK,— Please forgive the formal approach, but your handout is reticent, so I don't know who is behind you. You are just a Bulb Information Desk to me, with a somewhat anti-horticultural address in Bruton Street, W. However, your information is dramatic and arresting. "Parents, look out! Half-term is creeping up on you." And your proposal is that the briefly homing schoolboy must somehow be amused.

Get him, you say, to plant bulbs.

There are parents, no doubt, who will regard this as the most forlorn hope among publicity gimmicks since May-flower II, and will write and say so. But as it happens I had this same idea myself just about a year ago, when half-term crept up on me, and I not only applaud your initiative in making it available, as publishers say, to a wider audience, but append a few hints on how to make it work.

First send the boy to get the bulbs from the shed. This may take some time; first, because on his way there he will notice his airgun in the corner of the hall and decide to try shooting a baked-bean tin off the compost heap; secondly, because, tiring of this after twenty minutes or so, he will come back into the house and play the gramophone. Dialogue will ensue.

"Did you get them?"

"Get what, Pa?"

"The bulbs."

"What bulbs? Oh, the bulbs. Forgot, sorry. This is a terrific drum break just here. (*Prolonged uproar, as of a drunk dancing among zinc utensils.*) Where are they? In the greenhouse?"

Do not become impatient, even when, in a minute, you see him looking for the bulbs in the garage. Now he is looking for them in the car. They aren't there. Giving up for the time being he switches the headlights on and off, to the accompaniment of long and short blasts on the hooter. Remember that this is the difficult period of adolescence. It needs meeting halfway. Go down to the shed and get the bulbs. On the

way back, gently remove the croquet mallet from his unresisting hand. Tell him he won't want that to plant bulbs with. As his other hand idly picks up a yard-brush, take that away too, as he won't want that either. What he will want, you tell him, is a lot of pots.

"Pots?"

"Bulb-pots. In the greenhouse."

You sort the bulbs on the kitchen table and wait.

You can hear by his footsteps that he has gone down to the shed. Wait. Have patience. There are many distractions in the shed. Old rusted Scout-knives, loops in the rafters to hang marrows in, ideal for imaginative reconstructions of Underground travel in the rush-hour. He will be testing the screw-caps on the linseed oil, the weed-killer, the green-fly spray; trying to catch a cockroach in a mud-caked trowel; jumping on a loose floorboard; reading a yellowed cutting about fruit bottling.

Presently, go down to the greenhouse, get the pots, say with restraint through the shed door, "It's all right, I've got them."

"Oh, good. Look, I'm afraid I've bust this shelf."

"I see." (No more. Remember he's only home for three days. What's a broken shelf in the nuclear age?)

"Well, bring those bags of peat and bone-meal. No, not those. Those are lawn-sand. Look, it says on the label, 'Lawn-sand', see?"

On the way back to the house he says that a chap at school thinks the Kennedy administration doesn't know A from a bull's foot. The boy's name is Fielding. "Oh, Pa, don't be dim, of course he wasn't the one who played the Schubert impromptu at the end of term concert. That was Pitt-Murphy, a drip."

Back in the kitchen you lay out the pots and the bulbs. He puts a yellow pot on his head. His mother, passing through, takes it off again. Right, you say, let's have the old peat and bone-meal, then. He looks around for it, anxious to please. He looks under the table, in the cupboard by the stove, up on the clothes-airer.

Don't say anything. Go down to the greenhouse and get it. When you get back he is intent, trying to find two



"Have you got Gray's anatomy?"

bulbs that will balance one on the other. He gives up in the end, conscious, perhaps, of a look.

"What sort of bulbs are they?"

"Crocuses."

"Fielding says we could easily put a man on the moon, but he thinks we ought to get the railways right first. His sister's a nun. I think I'm going to make some toast. Do you want some?"

"Let's get the bulbs done first."

Maintain, at all costs, an optimistic calm. Do not think too far ahead. Whatever you have learned about bulb-planting from Bulb Information Desks, remember that easy does it. If you can get him to fill a pot with earth, that will be something.

"Go and put some earth in that pot, will you?"

"You mean just ordinary earth?"

"Just ordinary earth."

"Where from?"

"Inside the piano."

He's halfway there, too, before he isolates the element of levity. He then goes out of the back door. He is away a long time. "What's he doing?" you ask his mother, who is craning out of the kitchen window. She says she doesn't know. He's up a tree. In any case, could she have the kitchen table now?

And of course—as you well know, being a Bulb Information Desk—much still remains to be done . . . this afternoon, to-morrow morning, most of

Sunday. Broken crocks must be found to cover the pots' drainage holes, bulb-fibre must somehow be brought to bear, and soaked, and packed with tender care ("What are you doing with your *heel* in the pot, boy!") . . . each pot wrapped in layers of damp newspaper, and buried under six to twelve inches of soil . . . This involves among other things digging, and digging involves finding the spade, and seeing if it will work as a pogostick, and losing it again, and finding it leaning against the dressing-table in the spare room, with a quantity of green garden string inextricably knotted round its handle as a form of inscrutable experiment.

But never mind. "By early March," as you so encouragingly say, "the crocuses should be blooming cheerfully."

And when he comes home, with that same old report ("He has great ability, but lacks concentration") you can give his adolescent morale that oh-so-necessary boost by saying, "Have you been out to see your bulbs?"

Then you'll watch out of the window as he sets off to find them. He seems to think they're in the water-butt under the bathroom window.

But that is in the future. For the present, I can only agree with you, Bulb Information Desk, when you conclude by saying that I can console myself with the thought that at least I had a peaceful half-term. Yours, etc.,

Whatever became of . . .

. . . the popular belief that you could see the image of a murderer "photographed" on the eyeball of his victim? Just enlarge the picture of the retina and there's your man; no messing about with Identi-kits. In 1857 criminologists were sure they had really got on to something; but they were disappointed to find that the eye of a dead bullock did not yield a picture of a blue-aproned man with a sledge-hammer. Story-writers, Kipling included, were still exploiting this notion in recent years. It's time we had an authentic report of an eyeball identification from, say, Albania. Let Reuter's man out there keep his eyeballs skinned.

—E.S.T.



"The Mother Country."

Essence of Parliament

BOTH in the Lords and the Commons the foreign affairs debate oscillated erratically between Berlin and the Congo with a few Members throwing in their own King Charles's heads for good measure. That is the trouble—an inevitable trouble—with these wide general debates on no specific motion. Each speaker speaks as the spirit moves him, and the spirit rarely moves him to make any comment on what the speaker before him has said. This does not make for much in the way of a debate and it is all rather dull. As a general rule, as Mr. Donnelly pointed out, Conservatives tended to talk about the Congo and Socialists tended to talk about Berlin. But there were notable exceptions. Perhaps the main interest of either of the debates was the reappearance of Lord Avon. He only made a short speech but friends and critics were alike delighted to see its vigour. Though a maiden speech it was not as maiden as all that. By a curious chance he spoke from the very spot from which he had spoken thirteen years ago in support of the Socialist Government's Berlin airlift, for the Commons of course at that time were sitting in the Lords' chamber.

Lord Avon's message to the Government was not to give way on Berlin. Peace could not be bought by such tactics. Lord Montgomery's advice was the opposite. His was what Lord Morrison of Lambeth called a "fellow travellers' speech" and Conservatives and Socialists united to pour vials of wrath upon his head. Lord Montgomery, it must be confessed, did not seem to mind very much. Among other noble lords the only one who had anything very outspoken to say in criticism of the Government appeared to be by a curious chance the Lord Chancellor. While Lord Home told their lordships that one false step might lead us into war, Lord Kilmuir with strange complacency argued that the dangers of nuclear war were "comparatively remote" and thought that "the more impossible the weapons the more impossible their use." It is an argument that one usually hears on the lips of unilateral disarmers and, if that was what he thought, one rather wonders why Lord Kilmuir was not with Lord Russell getting arrested rather than merely reporting on the circumstances of his arrest to the House.

Nuclear War and Lord Kilmuir

In the Commons, too, the general atmosphere was one of substantial agreement, particularly between the two Front Benches. Indeed the only serious difference between Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Heath seemed to be on the correct way of pronouncing the name of the Russian Foreign Minister. Mr. Heath, like most of the rest of us, called it Gromyko with the stress on the second syllable. Mr. Gaitskell preferred to stress the first as if there was a double m. As for other Ministers Lord Hailsham warned the Russians that their tests would bring down upon them the hatred of all the mothers in the world. Mr. Watkinson said that the Army of the

Rhine was all right, but it did not look as if many Members on either side of the House seriously believed him. Mr. Macmillan was on the whole in Gleneagles form, but thought in a mild and conversational voice that we should have to get used to living with anxiety. What Mr. Godber thought we shall never know, as it was quite impossible to hear a word that he said. Perhaps on the whole his was the least dangerous contribution to the debate.

One could not of course complain of Members for being anxious to show as great a measure of agreement as possible. It was statesmanlike of them to do so, and, if it made for a dull debate, most of us would sooner have a dull debate than a nuclear bomb. Such storms as there were were in very minor and private tea-cups. Mr. Donnelly complained of Mr. Ellis Smith for being rude in interrupting. Sir Charles Mott-Radcliffe seemed to be under the impression that it was only against British nuclear policy that Canon Collins had protested and was firmly slapped down by Mr. Michael

Nuclear War and Canon Collins

Foot and Mr. Greenwood. There are more important questions in the world than that of exactly what Canon Collins may have said or done, but since Sir Charles Mott-Radcliffe had brought him in and got him wrong it was perhaps a pity that he did not withdraw. A more uncouth blunder was that of Mr. Wise of Rugby, who, criticising the United Nations' policy in Katanga, described Dr. O'Brien as "a bloodthirsty Dublin corner boy." There is no reason in the world why a Member should not criticise the United Nations in Katanga, or, if he can discover for certain what it was, Dr. O'Brien's part in shaping that policy. Indeed Lord Lansdowne in the Lords delivered a balanced, informed and fair criticism. But Dr. O'Brien is a man who holds a distinguished position in the literary world such as few, if any, Members of Parliament can rival and one whose main contribution to history has been the assertion that the Irish were mistaken in using violence to achieve their freedom. With his Quaker upbringing he is about the last person in the world who could be called bloodthirsty and to call him a corner boy is about as sensible as it would be to assert that W. G. Grace was a racehorse. Mr. Wise well deserved the rebuke which Mr. Grimond administered to him. Mr. Marsh, of Greenwich, alone prophesied that we were heading for defeat, and Mr. Greenwood asserted that we should not fight for Berlin.



SIR DAVID ECCLES

Thursday started off with an unrehearsed incident—Mr. Marples's announcement of the scrapping of the Cunarder subsidy. Mr. Marples was not very happy as he faced the barrage of cries of "resign" and tried to explain how the Government was not running out on its election programme. In comparison the subsequent African debate was more tranquil. Mr. Callaghan was in no mood to deny Mr. Maudling's plea that he could not be expected to have got all the answers in three days and was in general in benign and congratulating mood. He was more concerned to lecture Africans than to lecture Conservatives and told first the Ghanaians and then the Kenyans that they must really put their own houses in order. But then he came on to Northern Rhodesia and took the Government for a ride for its muddle of the constitutional proposals there.—PERCY SOMERSET

☆

"Honeymoon in Jersey—Rugby player married."—*Birkenhead News*
Ready for anything.



How Will They Spend It?

NOW that we have the virtual guarantee of £1,000 a year all round—presumably with National Assistance to any unfortunate who falls below this figure—the investment picture must be adjusted accordingly. Mr. Macmillan added to his promise the assurance that this £1,000 would be in pounds of the present purchasing power. We may have our doubts on this; but never mind—the way ahead is towards greater affluence.

And why not? The upward trend has, with minor oscillations, persisted through the ages. Short of nuclear annihilation, in which case economic problems will cease to matter at all, there is no particular reason why 1961 should mark a major turning point in the enrichment of mankind—including those who live in these islands.

The investment implications of this additional money burning in the pockets of the people are many. Some of that money will be saved—and a good deal of the saving will go into new life policies. On recent performance three “pure” life companies which are likely to benefit are: Equity and Law (the shares have come down from 32 to around 28½), Legal and General (from 39½ to 35) and Sun Life (from 210s. to 185s.) Nothing wrong with any of these.

But most of the money will be spent; and, if American experience is any guide to the direction of that spending, an ever-increasing proportion of it will be used in buying “services.” This opens up an enormous field of diverse activities from Bingo to organised holidays. Bingo looks too much of a flash in the pan for serious investment support (though there can be no question that it will bring an entirely new look to some of the Rank Organisation figures for the current year).

Holiday camps, however, are on to a

good and lasting thing. Butlins have brought their trading profits up from £663,000 in 1952 to £2,384,000 in 1960—without a single break and with perceptible acceleration in the trend. This cannot go on for ever—but at a time when more and more investors are beginning to question how much growth there is in the alleged “growth stocks” among industrial equities, this is a company which bears the promise of improvement on past performance.

In the same line of business are Warner's Holiday Camps, a company which is in the full flush of expansion. According to the latest report the Chairman, Mr. E. H. S. Warner, is looking ahead to further development and to the attendant, and at the moment difficult, problem of finance. For example, there is the building of a holiday camp to hold 1,000 merry-makers in the Isle of Wight. The gross revenue last year rose from £834,000 to £1,137,000. The shares have fallen in price this year from 9s. 6d. to around

7s.—at which price they yield over 4 per cent.

There is less risk about this kind of venture than about others to whom the “cold bracing shower” of the Common Market and the affection of the British workman for his teabreak may bring some shocks and disillusionment.

Finally there are the retail stores, to which a great deal of this increased purchasing power will be canalised. The latest retail trade figures, those for September, are defined in the Board of Trade press notice as “buoyant.” When a civil servant uses that adjective let there be no mistake about the buoyancy of the buoyant. Despite the credit squeeze and the clamp on hire purchase, the shops continue to do very good business. When the detailed figures appear the chain stores will probably be shown once again in the lead. British Home Stores, Woolworth, Boots, Marks and Spencer; these are among the picks of this bunch.

— LOMBARD LANE



£.s.d. In The Shooter's Eye

IT is impossible nowadays to keep a profit and loss account out of field sports. Perhaps it always *was* impossible, and the only reason we hear more about it now is that money has ceased to be a banned topic.

The man who rents a salmon beat will hope to recover some of the cost by selling fish (and the owner will not dissent, for the more caught, the higher next year's rent). Men who shoot have recently been talking among themselves of methods of keeping up the price of game, and if you rear a couple of thousand pheasants, or pay a sufficiency of gamekeepers to ensure a plentiful supply of partridges, you are apt to wonder what you can do to maintain a profitable market—especially after last winter, when a pheasant sold for 5s. in some shops.

Some think it might be possible to increase demand, to persuade a wider public to eat pheasants which are, after all, considerably more tasty than chickens from the broiler house. The deep freeze might have helped by extending the selling period, but as the law stands this is impossible: game may not be offered for sale more than forty days after the end of its season.

It costs about £12 10s. to buy 100 pheasant eggs, and twice as much to get 100 day-old chicks, which latter figure alone represents about 5s. per tiny bird.

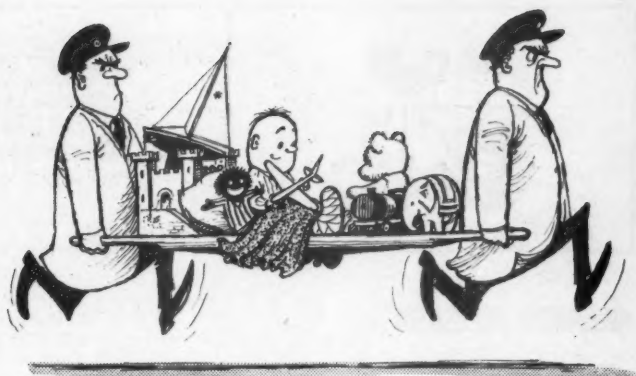
How much more must be added for shoot maintenance, keepers' wages, beaters' pay, rates, dog food, cartridges, and all the rest—with, possibly, rent as well? No wonder that shooting men are bothered about their annual expenditure, and prefer not to work out exactly how much it costs to bring a pheasant toppling to earth.

It is fashionable to-day to speak of game as a farm crop. If this is a right description, we may yet see subsidies and marketing boards. Heaven forbid.

Of course, there is another side to it. Nobody is compelled to shoot, or even to fish. He does it, presumably, for his health or pleasure, or by habit. Perhaps, therefore, he ought to pay most of what it costs out of his own pocket as does the golfer or theatre-goer, and not look to those who buy what he kills.

— ANTHONY CLARKSON

Children's Ward



"Come on out! I know you're in there."



"Nurse!"



the well



"I don't like the look of his tongue."





CRITICISM

AT THE PLAY

A Whistle In The Dark (APOLLO)

Our Little Life (PEMBROKE,
CROYDON)

Ducks and Lovers (ARTS)

A WHISTLE IN THE DARK was fully reviewed here last month at the Theatre Royal, Stratford East, when I was on holiday, and it is only necessary for me to welcome it to the Apollo and to say that I entirely agree with what was said then. And it is worth mentioning that the criticism made by our reviewer of the end of the play has been noted, and that the bullying windbag of a father who is responsible for his sons' savagery is no longer left triumphant, but is shown at the fall of the curtain to be terrified, his arrogance crumbling as his sons at last see through him. This is a disturbing play, with violence in nearly

every line, by a young dramatist named Thomas Murphy, who writes powerful dialogue and can sketch a character swiftly. It is about a family of Irish labourers in Coventry who have been bred to be killers, and who settle like a plague on their one decent brother and ruin his life. In Edward Burnham's uncompromisingly tough production the acting is excellent, particularly by Patrick Magee, Michael Craig and Derren Nesbitt.

At the Pembroke, Croydon, a series of little-known one-act plays by famous authors has been unearthed by Basil Ashmore for a small company led for a fortnight by Margaret Rutherford. These have to do with the relations of men and women, and one sees why some of them have continued in obscurity. Miss Rutherford is not very happily placed in Henry James's solo sketch of an old

American dragon beefing over her delayed presentation at court, but with Stringer Davis carries off with honours a delightful proposal theme by Alfred de Musset in which both parties are bored by a wet afternoon. This is a welcome reminder of Miss Rutherford's skill in high comedy. She is also very effective in a play by Margaret Turner staged in a Displaced Persons' Camp, as an old peasant woman demented by the disappearance of her son. In this play Margaret Whiting takes a difficult part extremely well, and she and Jean Bloor distinguish themselves in a Strindberg about a wife tackling a husband's mistress in a restaurant. Mr. Davis makes a gallant attempt to give substance to a rambling Chekhov solo in which a shabby old lecturer takes the lid off his unhappiness at home.

I remained very uncertain about the advantages of theatre-in-the-round, where inevitably half the time the players have their backs to you.

Funny in parts, *Ducks and Lovers* is a wild play that is never on the same wave-length for long. Its author, Murray Schisgal, writes amusing dialogue and has an engaging sense of bathos; when he learns to put his original ideas into a less rambling framework he might give us a good play. His hero is a successful young advertising agent who hopes he has broken free from the large, adhesive gipsy family in which he was born. His mother, a palmist, is convinced that his dead father has taken possession of a duck, which she carries everywhere. At a crisis in a butterscotch campaign he is helping to organise, his grandmother dies, and he is elected King of the Gipsies. He is a very normal, natural young man, showing no trace of his



PATRICK MAGEE as Michael Carney Snr. in *A Whistle in the Dark*

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

"Covering *Punch*," an exhibition of artists' original front covers, is at the Art Gallery and Museum, Keighley, until November 18.

"Pertinent *Punch*," an exhibition on a variety of subjects, is at the Westminster Galleries.

"*Punch* in the Theatre" is at the Theatre Royal, Bath, for one month.

Romany ancestry, and anxious to please everyone. Michael Medwin takes him charmingly and such success as the play has is largely due to his attractive comic attack. Graham Crowden helps as his advertising rival who steals his girl, and Ellen Pollock as his duck-loving mother and Madge Brindley as the old matriarch are both good. The rag of an advertising conference driven in desperation to consider recommending L-shaped butter-scotch, and of restrictive practices that leave a belligerent electrician swinging on a chandelier are both hilarious, but are only oases in a wilderness of muddle.

— ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The Queen's Guards Back Street Invasion Quartet

THERE seems to be a general feeling that *The Queen's Guards* (Director: Michael Powell) is too polite to its subject: from the tone of some reviews one gathers that nothing but a satirical treatment would be acceptable. I think this is a bit hard, since it's obvious that the whole aim of the piece was to counteract that popular image of the Guards which has long been a comedian's cliché. One might as well object to a film about heroic Scotsmen on the ground that it didn't show them being careful with money.

The basis of the picture is an elaborate, detailed and complete record, in CinemaScope and Technicolor, of the Trooping the Colour ceremony of 1960. (They make no bones about it, the date is given: June 11 1960.) This is used as a framework for flashbacks to tell the story of a young officer (Daniel Massey) who is—though not, if you understand me, who *was*—leader of the Escort to the Colour on that occasion. His best friend, as it happens, is leader of the Sovereign's Escort, and a girl friend of his is on the cover of *Vogue* that month too . . . I suppose the real people concerned have authorised them to put fictional characters in these positions, but the whole business seems to me full of odd possibilities.

It's a comparatively slight story; the main point is to show off the Guards. From time to time during the ceremony there is a close-up of the young officer and a bit of interior monologue leading in to a flashback of some episode in his career, from his first training at Sandhurst ten years before ("It takes ten years to make a Guards officer"). These episodes are all well and interestingly done. There is nothing very unexpected about them, but that's the trouble with a picture of this kind—it would be wrong if there were: everything has to be more or less typical. The furthest the script will go towards giving him any real individuality is to make him chafe a little under the off-



RAYMOND MASSEY as Captain Fellowes in *The Queen's Guards*

hand treatment he gets from his father, a disabled veteran who was in the Guards himself and idolises the memory of an elder son killed in action. This old boy is played with great gusto by Raymond Massey.

Between the flashbacks the ceremony proceeds, and nobody who was actually there can have had nearly as impressive a view of it (director of photography, Gerald Turpin—and eight cameramen are given screen credits). This is in every sense the basis, the foundation of the film; but the fictional decoration should help the unimaginative to realise how there can be real fighting men inside the red uniforms.

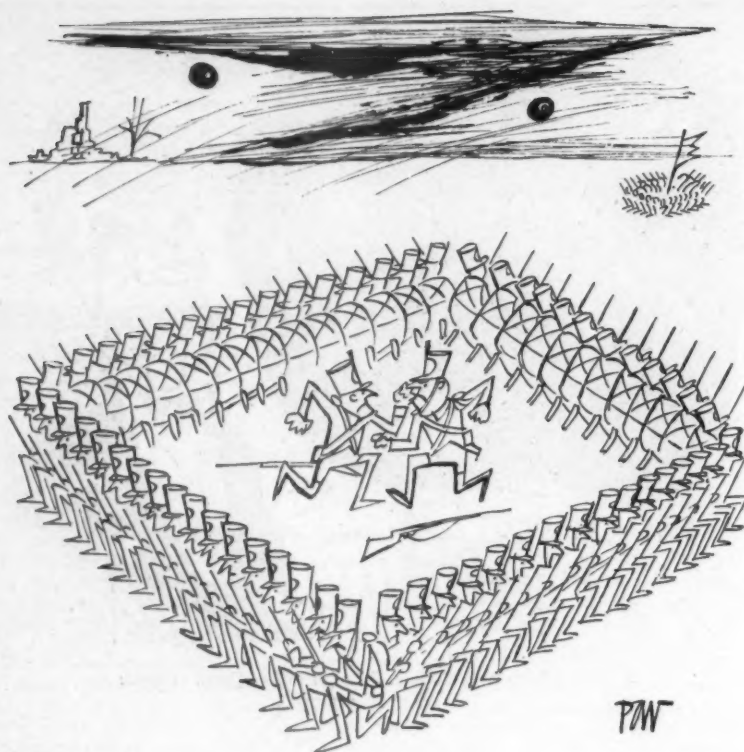
Twice before there have been film versions of Fannie Hurst's *Back Street* (Director: David Miller), but this one, I'm told, completely loses the point of the original novel. I had indeed noticed that its only apparent connection with the title was a single glancing reference in the dialogue . . .

The central character or heroine of the story, as the advertisements point out, is the "other woman," but she is very far from being hidden away in a back street. It's plain that she has been contrived to realise the secret dreams of quite a number of the women in the audience. She is a "top fashion designer," she is loved by at least two men, she knows her way about Paris, Rome and London as well as New York; and the wife she supplants is an unsympathetic character, almost a

villainess, who drinks (gin from something about the size of a jam-jar). Nothing stands in the way of a happy ending except the husband's children and the fact that his wife won't give him a divorce.

The old tear-jerker has been efficiently adapted to the post-1945 period, with loads of glamour, expensive surroundings and beautiful clothes (displayed by "Harper's Bazaar models"). Many feminine readers resent the trade term "woman's picture," but here it's impossible to avoid. Susan Hayward, who can act, deserves better than this.

Invasion Quartet (Director: Jay Lewis) is a sort of parody of *The Guns of Navarone*, but it falls between two styles. One of the principal characters is played by Spike Milligan, and there are some quite first-rate crazy or Goonish moments of the sort to be expected in anything involving him; but alas, somebody has tried to fit them in to the British film comedy convention, with half an eye on probability and the sort of moviegoer whose idea of criticism is to point out that there weren't really any ear-plugs of that particular shape until five years later. Here is a story of some disabled officers at a South Coast hospital in 1942 who make their way in a small boat across the Channel to spike a heavy German gun in occupied France, and the trouble is that we don't know from minute to minute whether we are supposed to think of them as real characters or as comic



symbols. My feeling is that anything with completely crazy gags—e.g. the moving tree that improves on the one in Chaplin's *Shoulder Arms* by putting a branch out before it turns—simply can not claim to be judged as a story of a number of jolly fellows doing their bit against the enemy. But that, essentially, is what this does claim: we are obviously meant to sympathise with and admire these characters, laughing indulgently at them and with real amusement at the intermittent crazy effects, without noticing that one kind of laugh is out of key with the other.

— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Your Turn, Galsworthy!

THE *Jelly End Strike* was billed in the *Radio Times* with a curious blend of whimper and bang. It was "the first play to be presented at 9.25 on Fridays after the 9.15 News," and for the life of me I could trace no significance in the mysterious "9.25" or the "Fridays" or that "after the 9.15 News." Is 9.25 one of those moments of truth and inner revelation? Are Fridays something more than bath nights? Are plays coming after the News supposed to be welded to the day's tidings? I wondered. The announcements went on in bolder mood

—"The intention is to present at this time plays that treat adult themes frankly . . . to provide greater freedom of subject and treatment than is available on Sundays when the plays are designed for family viewing." I hoped.

Well, *The Jelly End Strike* is all about a crummy old factory in the heart of London, a family business idling anachronously under the guidance of nit-witted capitalist bosses from a pre-war Fabian tract. The workers, for variety, are rustics from an eighteenth-century farce, illiterate, stupid and rollicking. Inefficiency rampant. Then along comes (guess who?) the young master, straight from the varsity and crammed full of lecture notes. A quick look-see and the new broom moves in with scientific management. Automation. The senior partners are puzzled by all this 'ere: the jelly-end operatives can't pronounce the word. But the white-coated time-and-motion study planners do their work while the young master dallies through extended lunch-hours with a cynical and fatally beautiful deb trained by Noël Coward. Endless cups of char. Protests. Strike! Ugly scenes. Jelly all over the place. Foreman, shop steward and union area rep. helpless.

But soft! Fresh from the arms of his charmer comes young master. He braves the rumpus and the frenzied workers, and in tense silence drinks direct from a

beer bottle—just like one of the chaps. Collapse of stout resistance. For he's a jolly good fellow. Finis. Critic reaches for bottle, drinks from neck to quell nausea.

Leslie Collins may write a good play for 9.25 on a Friday after the News when he runs out of clichés about management and men. He has a neat hand with dialogue.

The Fred Hoyle—John Elliot science fiction thriller *A for Andromeda* is holding up very well. The impressive computer has sorted and interpreted the messages from the galaxy and the miracle of life has been re-created under the zealous direction of the malevolently attractive Professor Dawney. What next?

Oddly enough I am more foxed about the side-plots in this drama than about the central scientific theme. I think I understand computers: I don't understand why a representative of a sinister "international cartel" should drift about in a chauffeur's uniform circa 1910. And I'm not yet au fait with the sex nexus. All no doubt will be revealed. Meanwhile the suspense is maintained. Production is highly efficient. Players seem to be enjoying themselves.

Yet another panel game *Play your Hunch*: "The show to keep you guessing" has emerged from the Mark Goodson—Bill Todman—Maurice Winnick quiz laboratories to compete with similarly cretinous fare on the other channel. This one, compèred by an amiable Jack Jackson and supported by the XYZ Band, hits a new low in downright silliness. Three sacks are rolled down a chute in front of the four panelists who are invited to name the one that contains a child. Is it X, Y or Z? The contestants consider this meaty question, give their verdict. And, by golly! they are right. There is a child in bag Z. Here's something to switch off in the long winter evenings.

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

Gently Does It

EVERYONE must be *kind* to me,
Everyone must be *dear*,
The soft soft word is what I want,
And the smile from ear to ear.

For I mayn't be around much longer,
Any thermo-nuclear day
I may rise in a whirl of megatons,
And blow, like the wind, away.

So everyone must be *nice* to me,
Or at any rate must try,
Bearing in mind when they say hullo,
They may be saying goodbye.

— VIRGINIA GRAHAM

Booking Office



DOOM OF CULTURE

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

The City in History. Lewis Mumford.
Secker and Warburg, 70/-

OUR present civilisation is a gigantic motor car moving along a one-way road at an ever-accelerating speed. Unfortunately as now constructed the car lacks both steering wheel and brakes, and the only form of control the driver exercises consists in making the car go faster, though in his fascination with the machine itself and his commitment to the highest speed possible, he has quite forgotten the purpose of the journey." This alarming picture of neotechnic man sums up Mr. Mumford's thesis: he is convinced, and it is primarily the purpose of this brilliant study to convince the reader, that man and all his works are heading blindly for destruction. He has ransacked the past for glimmers of hope, but finds little or nothing for our comfort. He observes however that population in the nuclear age has suddenly "exploded," perhaps as the result of a world-wide subconscious demand by the life-force for compensation, and he suggests that this automatic response—if "the same attitude spread toward the organs of education, art, and culture, man's super-biological means of reproduction"—might be in time to save the day.

But it is obviously a big "if". Society, governed, directed and conditioned by machine-made pyramids of power called cities, is rotten through and through. Metropolitan man is trapped in the web of expansion, in greed for meretricious affluence and lust for power. To keep the mills of Mammon rolling everything and every value must become expendable, readily obsolescent. And the city itself, "which once bound together generations and centuries," caught in the same mad myth of size, power and profit, also becomes consumable. War between

cities, wars of total annihilation, are the logical and ultimate outcome of a machine-made culture.

We cannot derive *direct* help from the lessons of history, for the cultures of the past were all, whether good or bad, essentially human in origin, whereas the non-culture of megalopolitan man is automatic. The car, without brakes and steering-wheel, is industrialism and commercialism allowed to run wild. There is no real parallel in history. Yet it is to history that we must return to rediscover our values, to the cities of the past which were planned to be the servants of integrated humans. Only in Britain with its New Towns and in Sweden has any significant attempt been made to check the metropolitan sprawl, and nowhere, certainly not in Russia, has the real plight of the robot citizen broken through the barriers of power and profit to the minds of the planners.

The race continues—"Sociologists and economists who base their projects for future economic and urban expan-

sion on the basis of the forces now at work, projecting only such changes as may result from speeding up such forces, tend to arrive at a universal megalopolis, mechanised, standardised, effectively dehumanised, as the final goal of urban evolution." But "whether they extrapolate 1960 or anticipate 2060 their goal is actually '1984.' Under the guise of objective statistical description, these social scientists are in fact leaving out of their analysis the observable data of biology, anthropology or history that would destroy their promises or rectify their conclusions." They have converted Megalopolis itself into a final cause.

What I have written in an attempt to compress the book's dreadful warning may give the impression that the argument is confined to broad didactic theory, and this would be unfortunate: in truth, the chief merit of Mr. Mumford's approach lies in its wealth of illustrative detail. This is a history not only of architecture but of man as a social and literate animal. It is world history on the grand scale, enriched at every page with a wonderland of fact and absorbing comment. It may well be that the final chapters with their unrelieved strain of pessimism will be judged less useful than the essential mountain of research that precedes them, for it is true that other social historians and reformers in their various ways have said much the same thing. There is nothing particularly novel about the dire warnings of nuclear destruction, about analyses of the motivational ticks of affluent man, about the spoliation of the natural balance, and so on. What is remarkable and breathtaking is that the conclusions should have been drawn from such a precise and encyclopaedic reading of the human story—and not, as is customary, from a superficially intuitive reading of the horoscope of the 'sixties.

Beyond the Press



LAURENCE SCOTT

"Guardian"

LIGHT MUSIC

Collected Verse. Ogden Nash. *Dent, 30/-*
Times Three. Phyllis McGinley. *Secker and Warburg, 25/-*

N. and M., the poles, the twin stars, the co-regents of light verse in our language. N. is more widely acknowledged; he shares, with Sappho, Alcaeus, Spenser and one or two others the glory of having given his name to a metre, if you call it that—the sway-backed, grumbling, haphazard paragraph of a line staggering towards a footling rhyme.



Only his odd combination of gusto and despair could make it tolerable, as a million imitators have found. His vice is the American belief that words are things, that a poem can be made from the idea that eagle doesn't quite rhyme with seagull. I like N., but adore M.—for her range, for her sureness of foot, for her ability to produce the funny weepie (e.g. the best ballade I know, *Of Lost Objects*), for the poem about St. Jerome, for any of the acid-eyed early sonnets. She can do Calverly, she can do Belloc, she can even do N. (rhyming glossary with rhinoceri).

Both books are generous selections, madly arranged. N.'s is just flung together, so that you can't tell when anything was written. M.'s is done backwards in decades, but forward, in groups, inside each decade, so that you know where you are once you've stood on your head. — PETER DICKINSON

NEW FICTION

When My Girl Comes Home. V. S. Pritchett. *Chatto and Windus*, 16/-

A House For Mr. Biswas. V. S. Naipaul. *André Deutsch*, 21/-

Ice in the Bedroom. P. G. Wodehouse. *Herbert Jenkins*, 13/6

The Thirty-First of June. J. B. Priestley. *Heinemann*, 15/-

NOW that fiction and the stage are flooded with neuroses and non-communication it is a great relief to come on short stories of such sanity and humour as those of V. S. Pritchett. In his latest collection, *When My Girl Comes Home*, none of his characters is loony or frustrated, at least in any clinical sense; they are average human beings from all corners of society driven by circumstances into small dramas of their own, and brought wonderfully to life by his accurate and compassionate observation. Take Mrs. Draper's sensible reaction to the glamorous visitor who is playing havoc with the men: "To call a woman a whore was neither here nor there to her. Up north where she came from people were saying that sort of thing all day long as they scrubbed floors or cleaned windows or did the washing. The word gave them energy and made things come up cleaner and whiter." This collection has great

variety; Mr. Pritchett's subjects range from a country baker fighting a battle for his bad debts to a woman painter in Rome who is followed about by the more than life-size statue of a naked man. The treatment is always different, and there is not a weak story here. Mr. Pritchett's writing is a delight.

We have been waiting impatiently for a big novel from the West Indies, and now it has arrived, *A House for Mr. Biswas*, by V. S. Naipaul, who has already proved himself as a satirist. Its 531 pages were not for me one page too long; it is a rambling, funny and touching account of the struggle for peace and quiet of a gentle little Hindu in Trinidad who is caught up in the march of progress and who marries into an enormous Hindu family dominated by a matriarch. Enchantingly naïve, first a reporter and then a Government official, never earning enough money, Mr. Biswas is swept along by family momentum in the constant pandemonium of communal life, his dreams of a house of his own collapsing time after time. As a study of the Hindus in Trinidad this novel is fascinating, and Mr. Biswas himself is a notable comic creation. In Mr. Naipaul's drawing and assembling of his characters there is a richness and generosity that reminds one of Dickens. He is certainly a novelist to watch.

P. G. Wodehouse, just turned eighty, can still work miracles. At any point in his long career *Ice in the Bedroom* would have struck the harshest judges as spot on. The old deftness of manipulation is still there, and on every page are phrases which bring one up short with admiration. This time Freddie Widgeon is doomed to penury in the suburbs, while he pursues the girl of his heart, a forceful character employed by an even more forceful woman writer of mush novels. Whenever Mr. Wodehouse needs another twist for his absurd plot it is provided by some stolen diamonds left inaccessibly on top of a wardrobe. On the fringe are two endearing American crooks; it is part of his magic that we never pause to question their way of life.

Using his knowledge of the time/space theories J. B. Priestley contrives in *The Thirty-First of June* to establish two-way travel between a modern advertising

agency and an Arthurian castle in the middle ages. The experiment is dedicated to his grand-daughters, and is not wholly successful. Once we grow accustomed to the trick, the fun thins. Mr. Priestley's satire on the bogus side of advertising is excellent, but his grip on castle life and conversation is weaker; he even falls back on the old chestnut "Go wait without." "Without what, Captain?" I cannot find any mention of the artist who did the nice line drawings.

— ERIC KEOWN

TO ARABIA, WITH LOVE

Dust in the Lion's Paw. Freya Stark. *Murray*, 25/-

This volume of Miss Stark's autobiography covers the war years, which she spent mainly in propaganda. Historically important and immensely readable, it combines a worried consideration of what Britain's Middle Eastern interests really are with vivacious accounts of parties and wonderful people and places seen at dawn and poems remembered at sunset. Sometimes it seems on the point of slithering into gush, but a flash of harsh wit or historical insight always saves it.

Pro-Arab without being anti-Semitic, Miss Stark hammers away at the importance of building up a young middle class friendly to us and training them to co-operate instead of spending their time stabbing enemies in dark corners. Much of the material is taken from letters and diaries written during tiring assignments in Aden, Cairo, Baghdad during the Raschid Ali episode, the USA, India and northern Italy. Perhaps the chief gift that our great ladies of the desert have given Islam is an example of feminine energy of mind and body.

— R. G. G. PRICE

DIEPPOISE

Pigtails and Pernod. Simona Pakenham. *Macmillan*, 21/-

Thousands of Anglo-Saxons have a nodding, corridor-train acquaintance with Dieppe because of that slow creep from harbour to station. But how many get out and really look? Well, plenty, as Simona Pakenham's delightful book demonstrates. Up to 1939 the pound got generous treatment in France. Old soldiers, fading slowly, came to Dieppe



CLOSE-UP OF THE THRONE

The Modern British Monarchy. Sir Charles Petrie. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 25/-

Rather a hit-and-miss book. Sir Charles Petrie rations his topics by the amusement that they give him rather than by an estimate of their intrinsic importance. For instance the abdication of Edward VIII, whatever it may have done to other people, clearly provided Sir Charles with his finest hour and he records that hour with zest. Most of the anecdotes that amuse him appear three or four times over in different chapters. I

wonder if George V or anybody else is really to be congratulated on the formation of the National Government in 1931. Would it not have been much better to have had a Conservative Government with an unsplit Labour party to provide decent opposition? There is no attempt to conceal the sort of feminine society which Edward VII preferred but why not a bit about the vulgarity of his rich male cronies? On the whole I feel that Sir Charles believes royalty to be rather nicer than it is, but greatly underrates the unpleasantness of its life.

— CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

because life was cheap; painters came because the light was exciting. Miss Pakenham's family connections—military and consular—had been settled there for generations.

She divides her memories, which are affectionate without being sentimental, candid without being cruel, into three sections. First she is a likeable child of eleven, then a fifteen-year-old, interesting herself in music and enjoying the company of visiting friends like William Orpen, then a young woman drinking her first *pastis* and being uplifted (wonderfully described, this). Her characters, firm in their allegiance to the Diocese of Fulham, are all alive—oh like the cockles and mussels on the seashore. In her company the middle-aged can sigh for a departed era exquisitely evoked, and glimpse Sickert, aged, fascinating, and dressed like a tramp.

— DAVID WILLIAMS

MOSCOW AND MONTPARNASSE

People and Life. Ilya Ehrenburg. Translated by Anna Bostock and Yvonne Kapp. Macgibbon and Kee, 21/-

This first volume of autobiography by the most widely known of contemporary Russian writers is a disappointment. The author must, after all, be a remarkable man, if only because he has managed for so long to remain in favour with the Party, and to get his books (including this one) published in Moscow without incurring official displeasure. *People and Life* could certainly not have appeared in Russia under the Stalinist régime: not that it is directly subversive, but it is the book of a cosmopolitan with a profound affection for France and Italy, and an admiration for the kind of art and literature which is (or was) apt to be frowned upon by the Kremlin.

The most interesting chapters are those which deal with Mr. Ehrenburg's youth in Russia; there is much, too, about life in Paris before 1914 and in the 'twenties, but we are told little that we didn't know already. Picasso, Léger, Modigliani and other figures of the period are dealt with at some length, and there are some interesting side-lights on the private life of Lenin; but the book as a whole, though well translated, leaves an impression of flatness and banality.

— JOCELYN BROOKE

THE FUNNY SEASON

Last Cracks in Legendary Cloisters. Brother Cholerick. Sheed and Ward, 10/6

And for those who know how to read:

My Village. Jean Cau, drawings by Siné. Elek, 12/6.

Pass Along There! Peter Dark, drawings by Brockbank. Deutsch, 9/6.

The Jolly Topper. Michael Hardwick and Mollie Greenhalgh, drawings by Larry. Jenkins, 12/6.

Out on a Limerick. Edited by Bennett Cerf, drawings by Saxon. Cassell, 13/6.

I Said Oddly, Diddle I? Paul Jennings, drawings by Celia Jennings. Reinhardt, 10/6.

Don't be Disgusting. Written and illustrated by Alistair Sampson. Dobson, 6/-.

A Dustbin of Milligan. Spike Milligan, Dobson, 10/6.



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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

FOR WOMEN



The Party Years

I AM a very popular woman, and I've got a wrecked armchair, a ruined carpet and a bin full of broken glasses to prove it.

Madam, when, late at night, you look at your watch, and ask, irritably, "Where can that boy be?" the answer is simple. He is at our house.

He is drinking our coffee, groaning in our bathroom; telling me, charmingly, that I do not mind, as he exchanges my Schubert for Sammy Davis,

Jnr. on the record-player. He is wearing an outsize sweater and a hair-cut that is the outrage of both your husband and mine, arguing about life, Ella, death, sex, Sara, metaphysics and Mr. Acker Bilk. One hand lovingly clasps that of a young girl, while the other holds out a glass for more beer, as he asks how many are left and isn't this a wonderful house for a party?

I have asked, plaintively, if they could not hold their parties somewhere

else, but my sons said "Aw, Ma! Folks like to come here!" and, the citadel captured by flattery, happily invited another lot in.

By my computation, the Party Years last from the age of seventeen to about twenty-two. This old house has stood up to two hundred and forty years of storm and tempest; I only hope that the Jacobite builders had what it takes to help it weather another three.

"If you can't break a racket, join it" aptly sums up my philosophy. If there must be parties—and apparently there must—I prefer to have the crash and thunder of them round me; I sleep better that way. Nothing is more gnawing to the nerves than to know that one's sons, a crate of beer and a few tons of metal are abroad in the night. No mother need worry about her son getting home from one of our parties; two pints of bitter and we've whipped his rotor arm. The undergraduate curiosity with regard to alcohol is best treated as a controlled experiment; where they drink, they sleep, and I am the girl who lays them out in rows on the dining-room carpet.

Nothing is more gnawing to the nerves than to know that your son is out, and not to know with whom. The known loses its terror. The painted little baggage you once referred to scathingly as "that woman" turns out to be just some other mother's little girl, as she sits on your floor, her child's mouth showing now that the lipstick has worn off.

It is not so bad once you get to grips with the situation. Now, I relentlessly frisk the young women for stiletto heels; in our house they jive bare-foot or not at all; and I am vigilant in my insistence on fair play for furniture. A thirteen-stone athlete plus one domestic science student against one small armchair is now recognised as not complying with the Lonsdale rules. And whatever their mothers may have taught them about drinking out of bottles, if they have not brought their own glasses, that is exactly what they must do. These simple rules established and property protected, I find that it is possible to sit back and enjoy the younger generation. And learn. You learn more in one evening's observance of your young at play than in months of border skirmishes.

You will not, of course, have com-

Successful Reunion

I OFFER to myself congratulations
That I have managed to achieve the feat
Of entertaining twelve of my relations,
Whom, in the rain, I made four trips to meet;
That I have plucked a turkey in full feather
And baked eleven oven-loads of buns;
Have thought up parlour-games to beat the weather,
And kept my hands off all my sisters' sons;
Have heard the same LP through ninety playings,
The dinner-service going piece by piece;
And listened to the fondly-quoted sayings
Of every current love of every niece;
Have watched my precious lawn disintegrating
Beneath the bats and balls and boots and dogs,
And stayed up half a night illuminating
With a storm-lantern all the local bogs;
Yet that I've managed still to keep on showing
A smile through all the drudgery, din and fear;
Managed a few brave tears when they were going,
And *not* to ask them back again next year.

— HAZEL TOWNSON

mitted the cardinal error of attempting to become Good Pals with your offspring, but it is surprising the delightful friendships that will grow up between you and his friends. From their confidences you will learn enough of your children's hidden life to save you from the agony of feeling that they have strayed off into the Mau-Mau country of adolescence without leaving a charted route behind in case of disaster. Ah, yes, these teenage parties have their undoubted compensations.

We have had all sorts of parties; birthday, Christmas, New Year, engagement and parties for no reason at all.

The latest one was an eve-of-some-

body's wedding party. The ten little nigger boy process is beginning, but we have a long way to go before all the group will have been accounted for; nevertheless, I make my position clear well in advance.

In our house there will be no parties for the kiddies. Little feet will patter elsewhere, and sticky little fingers will gum up somebody else's furniture. They say that contact with the young keeps you young, but I don't aim to be kept that juvenile. Besides, where would be the compensations? I don't see my cigarette bill being kept down by the money I get back on their empties!

— BRENDA LITTLE

Like Some We Know

"WE are probably the most balanced couple we know," announced my husband who had just come back from Sue's.

I might have let the statement pass but I was having trouble finding the previous Sunday's papers which I never read until Tuesday night. Anyway, habit dies hard.

"What about Bill and Maureen?" I countered, knocking the *Radio Times* over the back of the rack for the fourth time.

My husband began to clean his pipe, a lengthy revolting business. "Do you remember last Christmas? The cherry brandy?"

We are not bigoted about drink, that's true.

"There's Tom and Jo," I suggested. We must have taken about five Saturday papers and the same dog-eared comic kept coming up like a handkerchief in a washer.

"And Tom and Grace," returned my husband significantly.

Again, true. We have no triangles, no male or female apex.

I emptied the rack vigorously. "George and Joan," I said, wondering if he had heard the same gossip I had. He had. We notched another A-plus.

"Andy and Lyn," I said crossing the Atlantic.

"No home life." My husband put away the thumb screw and reached the most gruesome part with the cleaners.

We certainly spend most of our evenings by the fireside.

I made a pile of the comics. "Dick and Pattie?"

My husband just laughed.

"Syd and Dee?" We both laughed heartily.

"Philip and Sandra?" We streamed with merriment. It was painful. I had to wipe my glasses.

"Where is my tobacco?" asked my husband at last. I put the last periodical back. The papers weren't there. Once again, in the brief interval between Sunday morning and Tuesday night, they had become oil-catchers or plant-wrappers or fire-lighters.

"It's in the jar," I said. The word seemed to re-echo and there was a tenseness in the air.

"The one mother gave us," I said. "The imitation Wedgwood. A tobacco jar, meant for tobacco."

"I won't have my tobacco in a jar," said my husband pleasantly. He reached behind his chair to lift the jar from its place on the window ledge. "I've never . . ." At this point it slipped from his fingers and smashed in the hearth.

I salvaged the hunk of tobacco. "Perhaps you would prefer it in the fire," I said, feeding the eager flames. "Save you the trouble and danger of smoking it, if not the expense."

"Two can play at that game," warned my husband, lifting my azalea from the other window ledge.

My hand dropped to the poker. "Go ahead."

Ignoring the new development, another section of cortex telegraphed: Ted and Mary, Peter and Susan, David and Joan. — BETTY SUTTON



"Will you marry me?"



**"AND UPSTAIRS
IT'S ALL MARBLE
AND GOLD"**

It isn't, you know. And the manager probably *doesn't* wear a black coat and striped trousers either. The good old myth that banks are all marble and high hat and only interested in rich customers is dying steadily. It can't die too soon for us.

We *expect* our new customers to be young, and without much of an income.

But never mind—they won't be hard up forever; and when they do have more money a bank account will help them to look after it.

So, if you're ambitious, be judicious and open an account with Barclays NOW—while you still have to count the pennies. You'll soon be counting the pounds.



BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

Money is our business

SECRET FORMULA

When you feel the credit squeeze
 Keep it dark. *Keep it dark!*
 Have a lunch of bread and cheese.
 Keep it dark. *Keep it dark!*
 With a Mackeson to aid it
 Or a Guinness to persuade it:
 Man is nourished and contented
 When plain fare is implemented
 By the smoothest drinks invented.
 Keep it dark!



CONTINUED FROM PAGE XIX

toy department. Tricel fabric parades will be on October 30, 31, November 1 and 2: timings, 12.30 pm, 3 pm daily, plus 6.30 pm November 2.

From October 28 to November 4 is Ski Week at Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus. Ski experts will give advice in the equipment department. There will be free film shows October 30, November 1 and 3, at 5.45 pm. The Harry Hall Dry-Ski School opens October 31. First three-week course, two lessons weekly, begins that evening, second begins November 21. Enrolment necessary at Regent Street branch. Moss Bros will arrange for hired ski-wear to be sent directly to various Scottish hotels: Orders, with measurements, accepted by post. Now available here are new and exclusive speed-fit ski boots, with adjustable metal clips instead of laces. Sports Continentale, Tottenham Street, have just started a ski-boot hire service, and feature budget-priced Continental and Scandinavian ski-wear.

MUSIC



Royal Albert Hall. October 28, starting 9.30 am, *Daily Herald* National Brass Band Festival. October 29, 7.30 pm, The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. October 30, 7.30 pm, Jazz Concert, Chris Barber Orchestra.

Royal Festival Hall. October 25, 8 pm, London Mozart Players, soloists Nina Milkina (piano), Gervase De Peyer (clarinet). October 26, 8 pm, London Philharmonic Orchestra, soloists Heather Harper, Thomas Hemsley. October 27, 8 pm, City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, soloist Henryk Szeryng (violin). October 29, 5 pm, BBC Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. 7.30 pm, Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus. October 30, 8 pm, Vienna Boys' Choir. October 31, 8 pm, London Philharmonic Orchestra, Central Band of the Royal Air Force, soloist Myra Hess (piano).

Wigmore Hall. October 25, 7.30 pm, Danzi Wind Quintet. October 26, Margaret Fenn (piano). October 27, 7.30 pm, Pauline Dunn (cello). October 28, 3 pm, Mayako Muroi (piano). 7.30 pm, Lubomyi Hornyckyj (piano). October 29, 3 pm, Horszowski (Mozart Sonatas). October 30, 7.30 pm, Alexander Fellier (piano). October 31, 7.30 pm, Horszowski (Mozart Sonatas).

Sadler's Wells. October 25, 7.30 pm, *The Nightingale* and *Oedipus Rex* (Stravinsky). October 26 and 31, 7.30 pm, *Rigoletto* (Verdi). October 27, 7.30 pm, *Tosca* (Puccini). October 28, 7 pm, *Carmen* (Bizet).

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. October 28 and 31, 7.30 pm, *Der Freischütz* (Weber).

GALLERIES



Agnew. Pictures by Dutch, English and Italian masters. **Arcade.** Sculpture from early Egypt to Rodin. **Arts Council.** Modern stained glass. **Beaux Arts.** Leon Kossof. **Berkeley.** Eastern and Primitive Art Antiquities. **Biggin.** Modern masters, illustrated books, sculpture, until October 28. **Brook Street.** Oscar Dominguez. **Chiltern.** Peter Chase, Frank Sully. **Gallery One.** Fullard sculpture, Campavias ceramics. **Gimpel Fils.** Peter Kinley. **Hanover.** Vasarely. **Lefevre.** L. S. Lowry. **Marlborough Fine Art.** French landscapes. **National Gallery.** 19th-century paintings from Bührle Collection. **Obelisk.** Magritte. **Piccadilly.** Emile Marzée. **Upper Grosvenor.** Old and Modern Masters. **Walker's.** Percy Tudor-Hart Memorial Exhibition.

No advertisement can work out the cost of Central Heating for your home!

...but your local **ESSO** Adviser can

Nearly 150 questions have to be answered by an Esso Appointed Installer before he can quote on a central heating scheme. Each one affects the final cost.

How, then, can an advertisement or brochure give you a realistic idea of the cost of oil-fired central heating in your home? What you need is the service an architect gives his clients: expert, impartial advice and on-the-spot supervision of the job. And that is exactly what you can have, without fee or obligation of any kind, through the Esso Heating Advisory Service.

74 Advisers offer impartial advice FREE

This unique new service is staffed by 74 expert heating advisers. Each one of them knows all about the latest equipment and techniques. He knows the special problems of his own area. He is wise in the ways of installers. He can arrange for you a no-deposit, low-interest loan, repayable over five years. And it costs you nothing to make use of his services. Simply fill in the coupon and your local Esso Adviser will go to work on a heating scheme tailored to your needs and your pocket. Don't shiver through another winter—pick up your pen right away.

FREE A scheme for oil heating tailored to your home and pocket. Complete this coupon **NOW**

TO: ESSO HEATING ADVISORY SERVICE - ADVANCE HOUSE - BOOT STREET - LONDON, N.1

Please ask my local Esso Heating Adviser to have prepared free and without obligation a scheme tailored to my needs and my pocket.

Just tick the appropriate squares

- 1 We wish to convert our existing boiler to oil to supply constant hot water only ☐
- 2 We wish to install a new oil-fired kitchen boiler to give constant hot water and some additional heating ☐
- 3 We wish to convert our existing full central heating system to oil ☐
- 4 We wish to install a modern oil-fired full central heating system in our home ☐
- 5 We are planning to build a new house and would like to discuss the installation of oil-fired central heating ☐
- 6 We live in a bungalow ☐ detached house ☐ semi-detached house ☐
terraced house ☐

PLEASE FILL IN THE BLANKS

- 7 It is about _____ years old with _____ storeys
- 8 There are _____ rooms in all including _____ bedrooms
- 9 We are a family of _____ adults and _____ children

NAME (BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE) _____

ADDRESS _____

COUNTY _____ Tel. No. _____

2 PH 26/50



HEATING ADVISORY SERVICE



It is indeed a comforting thought that in the cold, damp changeable days of winter you can enjoy the protection and comfort which only Chilprufe Pure Wool can provide.

Made in one quality only, the Best; but in two weights, light weight and winter weight.

Chilprufe does not chafe or restrict. There is no finer underwear for the active man who needs protection under all conditions. Invest in this most economical underwear.

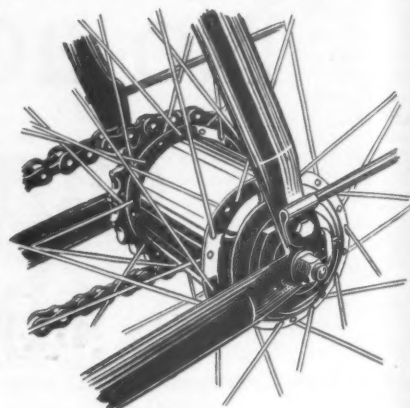
A further refinement is a new range of garments in a mixture of Pure Wool and Pure Silk.

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ILLUSTRATED FOLDER M
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PARK GATE

QUALITY STEELS
FOR THE CYCLE INDUSTRY



black bars
for
3 & 4 speed gears

THE PARK GATE IRON & STEEL COMPANY LIMITED ROTHERHAM
A Company TELEPHONE: ROTHERHAM 381 (3 Lines) TELEGRAMS: YORESHIRE, PARKGATE, YOREX, TELEX 381

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If you suffer from over-acidity, indigestion or, in fact, any liver disorder, you will be well advised to take Vichy Water regularly. This natural Spa Water is bottled, as it flows from the world-famous French curative springs, for the benefit of all those who wish to 'take the waters' at home.



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CELESTINS**

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France's most popular Burgundy PATRIARCHE



Ask for "CUVEE JEAN BAPTISTE"
a fine delicate Patriarche Wine, Red or White.

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Wine Growers and Shippers in Beaune, since 1780

RATTRAY'S OLD GOWRIE TOBACCO

is the choice of the world's most exacting smokers—those who are intolerant of even the subtlest additions to pure Virginia leaf. They appreciate, too, that the satisfying character of Old Gowrie—so cool, so mellow, so fragrant—owes much to the inherited knowledge and unhurried craftsmanship that go into its preparation. Rare qualities these, to-day, but how wonderfully rewarding in the discriminating judgment of the connoisseur.

A customer writes from Kidderminster . . .

"I have smoked well over thirty different brands of tobacco and let me say again, your old Gowrie is far superior to all of them."

To be obtained
ONLY from

**CHARLES
RATTRAY**

Tobacco Blender

PERTH, SCOTLAND

Price 104/6 per lb. Send 26/9
for sample quarter lb. tin.



707th Heaven



TOP FLIGHT EXECUTION . . . Heads will roll,
said the Chairman, if you don't get me on
Air-India. Service they give you. Efficiency,
sumptuous, lavish—makes the Lord Mayor's Banquet look like a picnic.
Luxury—ah!—Eastern, exquisite, delightful . . . (*We looked
at his port. It was untouched*). And a powerful, beautiful Rolls-Royce 707
to carry you through the skies like Pegasus . . .

(*The Company Secretary felt the Chairman's pulse: the Deputy
Chairman felt his forehead*). WELL, he shouted

(*this was more the man we knew and loved*) don't just

stand there! . . . NEW YORK, FRIDAY, SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

Ask your travel agent

AIR-INDIA

LONDON, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, LEEDS, GLASGOW

In association with BOAC and QANTAS



NEW YORK—EVERY FRIDAY, SATURDAY AND SUNDAY



We don't want our laces to show, do we, gentlemen?

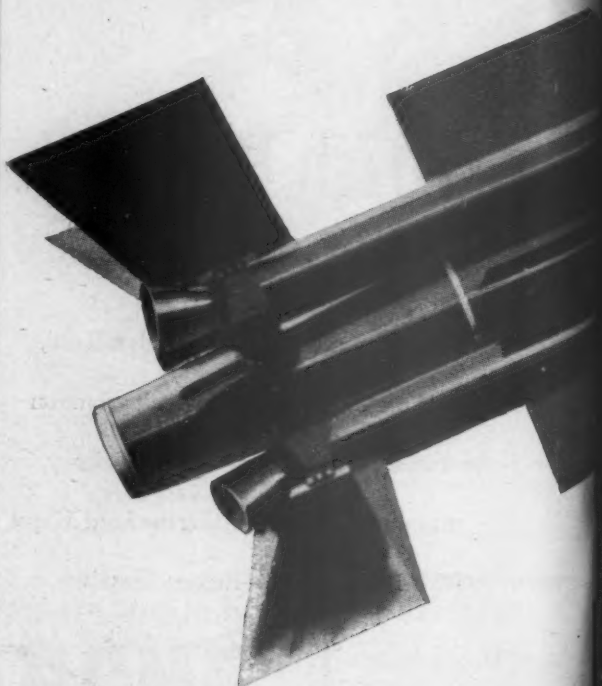
"Confound it! The bouncer's exposing his laces!" Thank goodness this fearful exostulation can never be levelled at the wearer of these Barker shoes. The lace panels are extremely narrow and cut right back in order to stay out of sight beneath even the narrowest trouser bottoms. 'Majestic' is their name; 6 gns. their approximate price. In brown shadowed calf. **LEATHER SOLES.**

Barker OF EARLS BARTON

BARKER, SHOEMAKER OF EARLS BARTON, NORTHAMPTON



minds matter IN TODAY'S ARMY



In the Army now there is more scope than ever before for the exercise of individual intelligence. Highly technical armaments mean new administrative problems to be solved. Missiles and rocketry offer enormous scope for research. A whole new aspect of military science is opening up, and the class Arts and Science brains are needed to help evolve new strategic principles. Also, as the drill square recedes as a method of training men, personnel management acquires new importance. Officers must have the necessary human insight and understanding to extract the very best performance from the men under their command.

All these things the Army recognises. And to meet the need for new brainpower, immediate commissions are offered to University graduates. Shortly after you are commissioned you will be in command of men. Already, you are embarked on a fascinating and responsible career; already, you are enjoying the highly stimulating and richly varied life of an officer in today's new Army.

INTERESTED? THEN WRITE TO:

Major-General J. E. L. Morris, C.B.E., D.S.O.,
The War Office, M.P.1.(a), P.U. London, S.W.1

**YOUR DEGREE CAN EARN YOU AN
IMMEDIATE COMMISSION
IN THE REGULAR ARMY**



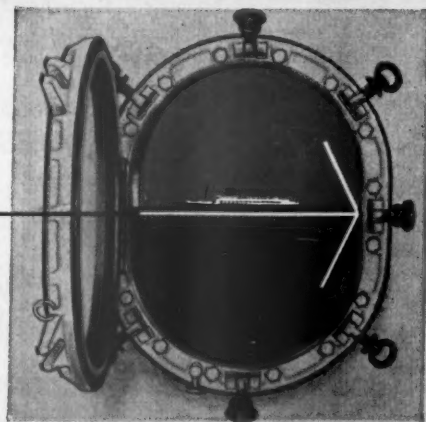
THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

When the passengers are aboard and soon an island of light will be moving smoothly across the dark surface of the sea . . . a great Cunarder heading for the New World. For those who travel in her, there will be meals such as they seldom had on land . . . dancing on first-rate floors to first-rate bands . . . new films to see . . . talented cabaret turns . . . new friends to make, and opportunities for relaxation found only "the most gracious form of transport known to man".

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Cunard

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Regular Sailings from Southampton and Liverpool



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THESE SUPERB **LIQUEURS** WILL BRING YOU RARE ADVENTURES IN FLAVOUR!

You'll find that it costs surprisingly little to capture for yourself the true spirit of Paris contained in CUSENIER's new miniature pack of four perfect liqueurs.



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ROYAL WORCESTER FIREPROOF PORCELAIN



Strawberry Fair

A delightful pattern on Royal Worcester porcelain. Fireproof cooking ware. The only real porcelain cooking ware made in England. Guaranteed against oven breakage.

Strawberry Fair is available in a large range of shapes and sizes, and is now in the shops. In London this pattern is exclusive to Messrs. Thomas Goode & Company, South Audley Street, W.1.

Write to ROYAL WORCESTER for leaflet and the name of your nearest stockist, enclosing 3d. stamp.

THE WORCESTER ROYAL
PORCELAIN CO LTD., WORCESTER



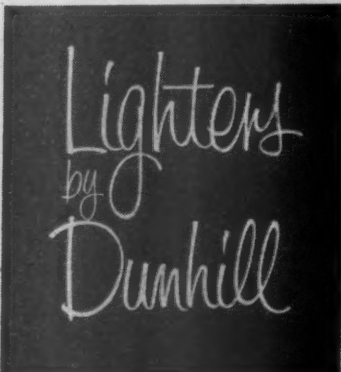
Prized Possessions



The 'Tinder Pistol'
Antique brass finish £7.70



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by
Dunhill



Sterling Silver
Pocket Gas
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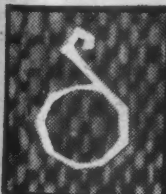


Silver-plated
'Rollagas'
Pocket Lighter
£7.2.6

The most handsome Tweeds are DONEGAL HANDWOVEN!

No mechanically produced tweed can equal the charm of these handwoven fabrics, many with the distinctive irregular fleck, and the subtle beauty of the colours taken from the lovely Irish countryside.

To enable you to identify Donegal Handwoven Tweed beyond all doubt, an exclusive Mark is now applied to it. In your own interests, make sure you see this Mark on the cloth, and on the label in the garment. Then you are sure you are buying genuine Donegal Handwoven Tweed—by far the smartest for town or country.



DONEGAL
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bears this exclusive
Identification Mark

The Mark is based on the ancient Irish 'd' in the Book of Kells, the famous 8th century manuscript preserved in Trinity College, Dublin.
Issued by the Donegal Handwoven Tweed Association Ltd., Donegal, Ireland.

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The 'Bell'
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**TEMPLE
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'Coronas
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a fine
medium sized cigar
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Chianti
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THE SIGN OF THE BLACK COCKEREL IS YOUR GUARANTEE

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from the heart of the Chianti
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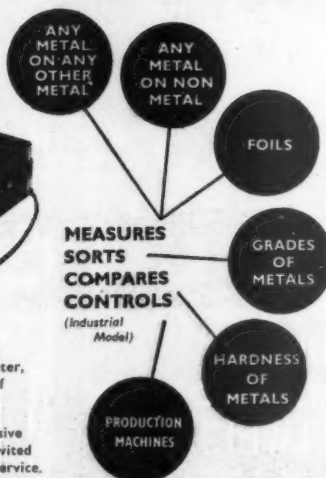
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Now fully portable,
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printed circuit.



The Elcotelector, together with its
companion instrument, the Elcometer,
provides the answers to a host of
metrological problems.

The coupon brings you comprehensive
technical literature; you are also invited
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Please send me free literature on the Elcotelector and the Elcometer.

NAME OF FIRM _____

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For the attention of _____

Moving with the times

Since 1866 John Groom's Cripples
have trained, employed and housed
abled women. They were pioneers
in that field.

As the pattern of social work in the
welfare State is changing, so Groom's
are developing their work to meet the
needs.

While continuing to employ
trained disabled women already in the
care they are now helping young women
who are too seriously disabled to
find sheltered employment.

Two houses on the Edgware estate have
been adapted for 18 young women
where they have a cheerful home, com-
panions of similar age, trained attention
and occupational therapy.

There is a waiting list, for the need
is great. If you would like to help
this Christian organisation please send
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**John
Groom's Cripples**

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A Christian voluntary organisation. Registered
in accordance with the National Assistance Act 1948.

A GIFT FOR THAT SPECIAL
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**SOPHOS
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These richly
Gold Cased
Links with
School, Club
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crest and Colours reproduced
exactly in coloured enamels,
provide the perfect gift for
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More than 1,500 designs available
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GAULOISES
the cigarette of France
so different - so French

WAREHOUSE FOR WOLSEY

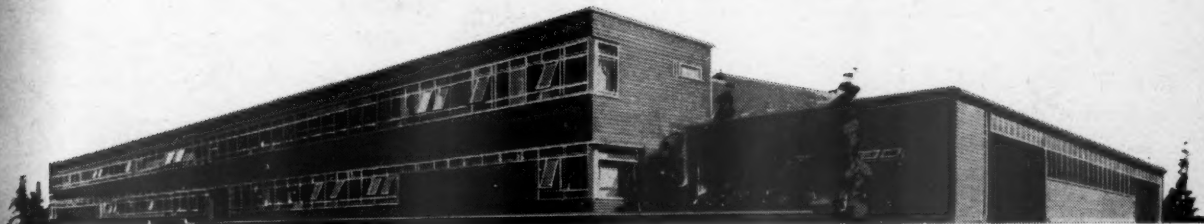
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AFTER
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AND DAY AFTER DAY



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Continue to Australia by way of Mauritius and the Cocos Islands in SAA's DC-7B aircraft for little more than the direct London-Australia fare.

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Sunbeams strike a hundred gleams of light from the delicate beauty of these vases and bowls that richly enhance flowers in their glory. The Stuart signature on each lovely piece is almost superfluous.

TO THOSE WHO SUFFER FROM
**LOOSE
FALSE TEETH**

ANY Dentist will tell you that after extractions your gums gradually continue to change shape. However well made, your denture may become loose and suction fails to keep it in place at all times. A plate which is loose or rocks, or drops when chewing, talking or laughing destroys self-confidence and often causes shyness.

A denture fixative like Dr. Wernet's Powder is the answer to these embarrassing moments. Wernet's holds false teeth firm and comfortable and prevents any soreness of the gums. You can eat what you like, laugh and talk without fear.

Dr. Wernet's is a hygienic tasteless powder recommended by Dentists all over the world. You simply sprinkle it on your plate every morning and for the rest of the day you can forget your teeth.

Why suffer mouth discomfort another day when you can prove the amazing difference Dr. Wernet's Powder makes? Obtainable from all chemists at 1/9 and the large economy sizes 3/3 and 5/3. Buy a tin today.



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It is, on the contrary, a quite extraordinary one, made with a care and attention to detail, thoroughness of testing and a rigorousness of quality control that could not possibly be lavished on a mass-produced lamp.

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*The more you fit the fewer you buy —
that extra long life is a fact.*

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The price for 40's, 60's and 100's
is the same — 2/6d.

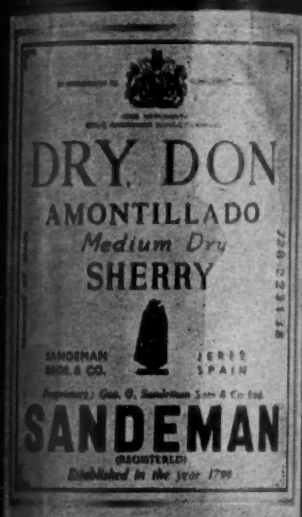
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DRY DON... a superb medium amontillado with just that subtle touch of dryness that pleases the palate and tempts the appetite—only 17/6. If you prefer a cream sherry, you'll enjoy ARMADA CREAM, a fine old oloroso, one of the very great wines of Spain—only 20/6. For a really dry sherry, try APITIV, an outstanding fino, 19/6. All Sandeman sherries come from their own vineyards at Jerez-de-la-Frontera, among the finest in Spain. As producers they supervise their wines at every stage from the grape to your glass. That is why they are able to offer the highest quality sherries at most reasonable prices.

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SANDEMAN

sherry



...JUST
THAT TOUCH
OF
DRYNESS



